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ELEMENTARY DIALOGUES,

FOR THE

IMPROVEMENT OF YOUTH,

By J. H. CAMPE.

JK

TRANSLATED BY

Mr. SEYMOUR.

ILLUSTRATED WITH SIXTEEN COPPER-PLATES.

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FOR THE

IMPROVEMENT OF YOUTH

BY H. CAMERON



U. R.

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LONDON:

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10, BOND STREET;

TO THE
COUNTESS OF GENLIS.

FROM climes where Boreas triumphs in his ire,
Where half the year we shiver by the fire;
Where once we were the Bruins of the North,
But now are Macaronies and so forth;
To you at Paris, fair, and good, and wise,
“In a degree of more indulgent skies;”
Whose comments on the text of *Know thy Self*,
In dusty state, don’t sleep ’pon the shelf;
But, while the flowers of wit the page adorn,
The fruits of sense abound for sons unborn.
I grant this sketch, Genlis, beneath your due,
And yet presume it must be known for you.
My bookseller, of booksellers the best,
Certain your name will give the work a zest,
Says—“For Genlis, awake bold Pindar’s lyre,
“Steal what you can of the Horatian fire.”
“Alas! dear Sir, your zeal outruns your wit,
“With Greek or Latin think you she’ll be bit?
“She’s too familiar with the classic wealth,
“Not to discover at a glance the stealth.
“I question if, instead of native fruits,
“She could be cheated e’en with Hebrew roots.”
This I have urged, to him with reason proud,
That, to adorn the page, your name’s allow’d;
And he protests, he would not it resign,
For golden-bair’d Apollo and the Nine.
Plain truth must in plain English then be told,
That you, to quit the female taste, are told;

And,

*And, while the varying fashions trifiers blind,
 'Tis yours to cultivate, and raise the mind,
 With virtue to inspire ductile youth,
 And stamp the judgment with the seal of truth.
 More lasting pleasure this, than that which springs
 From newest dresses worn at balls of kings !
 Or, fluttering by a file of simpering beaux,
 To hear it echoed, " There the charmer goes !"*

*As those who have adventured on the main,
 Knowing the dangers others must sustain,
 Mildly, from trial, mark their arduous way,
 So you with candour will these leaves survey.
 In trembling confidence I thus submit,
 The work to you ;—'tis praise, if you acquit.*

P R E F A C E.

LECTURES on the Soul, for the use of Children, are probably a new literary attempt among us, so that many will be at a loss what judgment to form of my intention in writing them; for such in particular, and for all in general, who may be inclined to avail themselves of these lessons, I shall briefly state the motives of my undertaking.

Every one who is acquainted with me personally, or by my writings, knows that from principle and experience I am thoroughly convinced how prejudicial to Children, is an attempt at a premature improvement of their intellectual faculties—for this reason: they will, perhaps, be surprised, that I in particular should be engaged in a similar design, and fancying that I have discovered the means, should offer them indiscriminately to the judicious and the unskilful, as this surprise does me honour, I am bound to give an explanation of my conduct.

Far from having altered my theory, I have written and published these elements, from the clearest conviction on many occasions of their absolute necessity, for, in proportion, as I have wished to see the instruction of Children in morality and religion, by a chain of regular lessons, deferred till they were qualified to collect and compare ideas, have I found it improbable that the majority of parents, or superintendants

tendants of education, should, from persuasion of its justness, agree with me in opinion ; so that I, who, perhaps, am the most independant teacher in Germany, after having weighed the moral good that might result from my complying with general prejudice, finding myself obliged to relax in the practice of my theory ; and that from having, like all other speculators, experimentally proved the advantages to be derived from any thing, are usually frustrated by too obstinate a resolution to extract all at once from it every possible benefit the most independent tutor can hardly dispense with, giving to Children of eight or ten years old, such moral and religious lessons as I have mentioned, though, in prudence, he should conceal his method, at the same time adapting it to the weakness of their tender age. But, admitting this, how shall he proceed, be his plan as solid, short, and simple as you please, without being stopped every step, unless they are previously furnished with some metaphysical notions ? How, for instance, shall he impart a just and worthy idea of the Deity, his spirituality, infinite wisdom, holiness, and collateral attributes, without having before given the necessary introductory information of the nature and properties of the human understanding, how can he pertinently use those terms, unavoidable in moral lessons, of reason, judgment, inclination, sentiment, sensation, instant passion, &c. without having previously explained their signification ?

For

For, as certainly, as in rational course of study, natural history should precede physics, and anatomy medicine, so psycological lessons should introduce morality and religion; and this is my first motive for writing the following Dialogues, explaining the elementary science of the soul, for the instruction of my young pupils, has likewise influenced me to print for the accommodation of such masters as may please to use them.

My second motive results from a general principle of education, the constant regulator of my practice, that the most perfect plan must tend equally, and at the same time to the improvement of the young student in morality and physics. It has been my care in consequence, so to portion the task of my pupils, that each depending on the other, no faculty of the soul should be exercised in preference, or get the start of the other, but, on the contrary, all should be improved in due proportion at the same instant; that this must be done as it were by line and compass, and that a variety of accidents, not in our power to controul, may destroy the equilibrium, need not, I presume, be mentioned. Now every tutor, of the least experience and reflection, must confess, that most of the lessons given at present to Children, only serve to exercise their memory, and that the other faculties of the soul are condemned more or less to a stupid lethargy. I have, therefore, thought it my duty in my private instructions to my pupils, occasionally to counterpoise this
pre-

preponderance, and give the fairest play to the other faculties. Accordingly, some of my exercises are addressed to the judgment, others to the imagination, others the wit, and so on to each of the principal faculties of the soul; which we justly enough distinguish by their effects, though they are but different modifications of the faculty of thinking. An exercise intended to preserve this equilibrium, is the Psychological Dialogue, after every lesson illustrating the doctrines by local circumstances.

But, to what purport are those local circumstances, the Dialogues being intended for the use of the public, to answer this question, I must explain my third motive for appearing in print.

Perhaps I shall not be charged with presumption, for asserting, that from my long habit of teaching, and observations occasionally made on the minds of Children, I have gradually acquired means of communicating and developing ideas wholly unknown or not familiar to masters of less experience; now to propose these means as precepts of instruction, would be of small advantage, as they would appear satisfactory only to such as had experimentally discovered them, and from whose knowledge and practice they would be rendered quite unnecessary. With respect to the remaining crowd of instructors, they would be stopped in their career, so great is the difference between precept, and the application to be made of it. It is not the same with a faithful account of the application already made, for it levels to the meanest capacity,

both

both precept and practice. Besides, it inspires a spirit of imitation, an instinct we effect common to all men. It may not, therefore, be deemed supercilious in me to recommend my Psychological Dialogues to the perusal of young tutors.

If such gentlemen will take the trouble to analyse my several methods, they will be masters of the following theory, to explain to the capacities of Children metaphysical and moral notions, the means are numerous, but not equally good. It is adviseable to try them alternately, to lead the pupil by different paths to the same end; that he may become so familiar with, as to lose sight of it.—Now, these are the means :

I. One may limit one's self to the explanation of terms, which, as least profitable, is most ineligible of all other methods, especially in the beginning, a judicious master will have recourse to it the last, unless there is no alternative.

II. Ideas may be rendered sensible by means of pictures and prints; leaving the pleasure of discovering them to the Children.

III. Ideas may be excited by true or fictitious histories, which must be related with the utmost perspicuity; but it would be best to draw them from the little storehouse of their own experience.

IV. The last, and undoubtedly the best of all means, is in a familiar way to render Children actors in the scenes which we wish them
to

to understand; so that the master has only to call their attention to themselves.

I have had recourse to all these methods, especially the last, as often as could be done without prolixity, in dialogues intended for the public eye. From a regard to brevity also, I have avoided all moral reflections, conscious that they will present themselves to every intelligent master, confident, without my pointing them out as it were, with the finger.

The ideas of some of my prints are taken from the elementary Fables of Bafedow, as they seemed particularly adapted to my plan.

I shall conclude with a word of advice how to use my work. I did not absolutely intend to make the present a book to be read at a sitting, nor a compendium for the classes, but a something between both. For instance, I would have the tutor before each lesson acquaint himself with the subject of one of the Dialogues, and then endeavour to familiarize to the Children the notions contained in it by mine, or a similar method. After each lesson he may read the Dialogue to his pupils, and then give it them for their private perusal. This, I think, must be equally advantageous to master and scholar.

It was my design at first, to have annexed to these Dialogues several others, dividing the whole into two parts, the first serving for an introduction to the second, would have been calculated to give children of the lowest forms a knowledge of themselves, but the little Dialogues

logues on Religion, in my Treatise on Education, part I, p. 25, and in my new method of teaching Children to read in an agreeable and easy manner, contain the substance of whatever I could have added, I have therefore thought it more adviseable to refer to that book the reader of this, than to trouble them with particulars from which they could derive no new information.

INTRODUCTION.

A Company of good little folks, who, for a year past, had possessed a knowledge of the soul equal to that which Charlotte, still younger, had derived from conversation with her mother, (See Mr. Campe's writings on education) frequently expressed a strong desire to improve their acquisition. The tutor, to oblige them, had taken different opportunities of discoursing more or less on the subject, but never sufficiently to their satisfaction. The wish to be better acquainted with their own and the souls of others daily increased, and there was no end to their enquiries. At last the tutor said to them, "Come, my dears, as you are so very desirous of advancement in the knowledge of the soul, or rather of yourselves, I'll devote a few leisure hours to your gratification. But I must warn you, that the strictest attention will be necessary on your part, if you would thoroughly comprehend every particular.

The Children.

"Dear Sir, You shall find us as mute as mice.

Tutor.

Then nothing prevents our beginning. Take your seats.

They sit down; and immediately begin the following Dialogue :

DIALOGUE I.

Tutor.

YOU have known, for some time, my dears, that the soul, not the body, is the principle of life in you, and performs every thing you desire.

John.

It must be so, for when the soul forsakes the body, the latter is nothing but a lump of flesh incapable of motion.

Tutor.

Well observed ! but how shall we proceed to discover the soul that is hidden in the body ? What is to be done ? Suppose one of you had the goodness to suffer himself to be split from head to foot, that we might see what passes in the body, and understand the existence of the soul ?

All.

To split the body ! That would be painful indeed !

B

James.

James.

Certainly. And to what purpose when done ?
We should not be nearer the seeing of the soul ;
for it is invifible.

Tutor.

On what ground do you affirm that ?

James.

Do not people frequently affist at the death
of a man ; or are there not fpectators, when
one is beheaded ? The foul then certainly leaves
the body, yet none can perceive its exit.

Tutor.

Your are right, James ; that proves the foul
is invifible.—But why cannot the eye difcern it ?

George.

Beaufe, I imagine, it is not made like things
that are vifible.

Tutor.

And how are they made ?

(Here a general f Silence.)

Let us try if we cannot difcover.—Is it not
true that any thing is vifible in proportion to
the number of little pieces or parts that com-
pofe it ?

Charles.

Yes.

Tutor.

Tutor.

And on the contrary that the fewer, the less it can be seen?

Thomas.

Certainly.

Tutor.

Therefore if a thing has no parts, it must be quite invisible.

George.

No.

Tutor.

I'll prove it. Every leaf of a book is a part of the book. Here is one that has three hundred leaves; this small one has but twenty. Which of the two has most?

Ferdinand.

That with three hundred.

Tutor.

And were I to tear out of the little book its twenty leaves one by one, how many of its parts would remain?

Charles.

There would be nothing left but the cover.

Tutor.

And take that away, what could you see?

John.

Nothing.

B 2

Tutor.

Tutor.

Consequently I should not see any thing, because no part of the book would be left. Every visible thing therefore must——

John.

Have parts.

Tutor.

And what wants them——

John.

Cannot be visible.

Tutor.

Now do you understand why we cannot see the soul?

All.

Because it has no parts.

Tutor.

And do you know how to name a thing that has no parts?—It is called a simple essence.

Charles.

Our soul then is a simple essence.

Tutor.

For it has no separable parts; though I can cut this paper into little bits. And thus you have the true reason why the soul can neither be seen, heard, tasted, smelt, nor touched.

John.

It is then nothing!

Tutor.

Tutor.

Why do you think so?

John.

Where nothing is to be seen, heard, smelt, tasted, nor touched, there must in reality be nothing.

Tutor.

Your reasoning has the appearance of truth; but what seems to be true, is not always so. George, bring me the magic lanthorn.

(The Tutor in the mean time having closed the shutters of the apartment, to darken the chamber, places himself with the lanthorn behind a screen, near a hole in it about the size of a crown piece; and, standing aside, so as not to be seen, suddenly throws on the opposite wall the image of one of the sliders.)

Tutor.

Tell me, my dears, what causes the image on the wall?

All.

The magic lanthorn.

Tutor.

And what singular property in the lanthorn can produce such an effect?

James.

A candle and painted glasses, or sliders, placed before the candle.

DIALOGUE I.

Tutor.

Do you see the candle and glasses?

All.

No.

Tutor.

Do you hear, smell, taste, or touch any thing?

All.

No.

Tutor.

How then are you sure that there is in the chamber a magic lanthorn, with a candle and glasses?

John.

Because we see the brightness of the candle and the images of the glasses on the wall.

Tutor.

It is therefore because the candle and the glasses produce an effect which would not happen without them?

John.

Yes.

Tutor.

Another question. What have I here?

All.

A load-stone.

Tutor.

What does that load-stone perform?

All.

All.

It draws the needles. How curious!

Tutor.

And do you see the virtue of the load-stone that has the power to attract iron?

All.

No.

Tutor.

Can you smell, hear, taste, or handle it?

All.

No.

Tutor.

Why then are you so positive that the load-stone has that virtue?

John.

Because we see the effects of it.

Tutor.

So that where something passes, or is performed, you conclude that there must be some other thing the cause of it?

John.

That is my idea.

Tutor.

Very well. Then if you could know with certainty that the soul really acts, could you doubt its existence, or that it is in itself a something.

John.

I could not.

Tutor.

Let us try then if we cannot be so lucky for once to surprise it. (*Lowering his voice.*) Do not move for fear of disturbing it. Hush! Hush!—We shall presently hear news of it. (*He calls the dog.*) Spadille! (*He takes the dog, and sets him on the table.*) Look at him intently.—Now shut your eyes close.—Right! Now try whether you cannot represent to yourself his features and figure, without the assistance of the sight.

All.

Oh! yes; yes; he appears exactly as if we beheld him with our eyes.

Tutor.

You can then, even with your eyes shut, by retaining the image of an object, represent it to yourself?

All.

We can.

Tutor.

We? and who are we? Our bodies?

George.

No, it must be our souls.

Tutor.

Tutor.

Indeed, what else can it be ? The body, you know, by itself can do nothing. Whatever we do must necessarily be done by the soul. Thus, when we represent to ourselves an object, which of the two is the agent, the body or the soul ?

All.

The soul.

Tutor.

Now, John, do you think the soul is nothing ?

John.

No ; since it acts, it must be something.

Tutor.

But should a proper definition of it be required, what answer could be given after our observations on its nature ?

John.

That the soul is an essence that has the power of representing to itself any object ; or in other words, that can receive, and perceive the image of any object.

Tutor.

That power, or which is the same thing, that faculty, is commonly called the imagination.

John.

John.

Right ! So the soul is an essence in which is found a faculty called the imagination.

Tutor.

But may not the same be said of this looking-glass that hangs against the wall ? Does it not also receive the image of any object ? Does it not also represent any object that is beyond it ?

Thomas.

Yes.

Tutor.

The looking-glass and the soul are then the same thing. The soul is a looking-glass, and the looking-glass is a soul, is it not so ?

(They all stare, and are at a loss for an answer.)

Why, you are all dumb. Come, I'll set you right.—When your soul represents to itself any thing, or in other terms, when it receives the image of any object, or to express myself philosophically, when it has the perception of it, is it sensible that it receives that image ? Is it conscious that it represents it to itself ? Does it know what it does ?

James.

Yes, certainly.

Tutor.

But when you pass before a looking-glass,
and

and it represents your image, do you believe it is conscious of doing so? Say, do you think it knows what it does?

All.

No, the looking-glass knows nothing of the matter.

Tutor.

There is therefore a great difference between the soul and the looking glass. Which of you has discovered this difference? In what does it consist?

John.

The soul knows what it does; the looking-glass knows nothing of the matter.

Tutor.

Attend, my dears. The looking-glass only represents something, whereas the soul represents it to itself, or rather, the soul possesses an inward sentiment, the consciousness as well of itself as of the things it represents to itself; the looking-glass on the contrary has no inward sentiment, none of itself, nor of what it represents. Is not this true?

All.

Yes, yes, it is so.

Tutor.

We have then made three discoveries relative to the soul——It is——

John.

John.

Dear tutor, let me—1st, the soul is a simple essence; 2dly, it has the power or faculty of representing to itself any object, or in other words of perceiving and receiving the image of any object, or to speak philosophically of having the perception of any object: 3dly, it has a consciousness as well of itself as of every thing that it represents to itself, or of which it has the perception.

Tutor.

Very well. Now let us make another trial of the soul, to find whether it is not capable of something else.—Take this book; while you consider it, what is your soul doing?

All.

It has the perception of the book.

Tutor.

There is a bell; listen——Tinkle—tinkle—tinkle——What does your soul while the bell rings?

All.

It has the perception of the sound.

Tutor.

There is a hyacinth that I have raised in this room—Smell what a sweet scent! What does your soul at the instant it is regaled by the odour?

All.

All.

It has the perception of the smell of a hyacinth.

Tutor.

There are eight raisins; one for each of you. Quick! open your mouth. What does your soul while you eat them?

All.

It has the perception of a raisin.

Tutor.

When any one, my dears, has given us a pleasure, we should not refuse to suffer occasionally for his sake some disagreeable trifle—down then—on the back—for every raisin, to each a blow with my knotted handkerchief.

All.

Heigh! Heigh! Heigh!

Tutor.

Well! while I struck you, what did your soul?

All.

It had perception of the pain given us by the handkerchief.

Tutor.

Tell me then, if you had not eyes for seeing, ears for hearing, a nose for smelling, a palate for tasting, and nerves all over the body for touching;

touching; in short without organs for the senses, could your soul have had the perception of these things?

George.

No, certainly.

Tutor.

Therefore, what to the carpenter is the axe, to the tailor the needle, to the painter the pencil, the senses, or rather the organs of the senses are to the soul; they are its instruments; it indispensably needs them to represent any thing to itself, that it may have the perception of it. This is another property of our soul. Who will repeat to me our discoveries concerning its nature?

George.

I! I! Our soul is a simple essence—that possesses consciousness, or an inward sentiment of itself—that can represent to itself any object, receive its image, or, to speak philosophically, have perception of it by means of the organs of the senses.

Tutor.

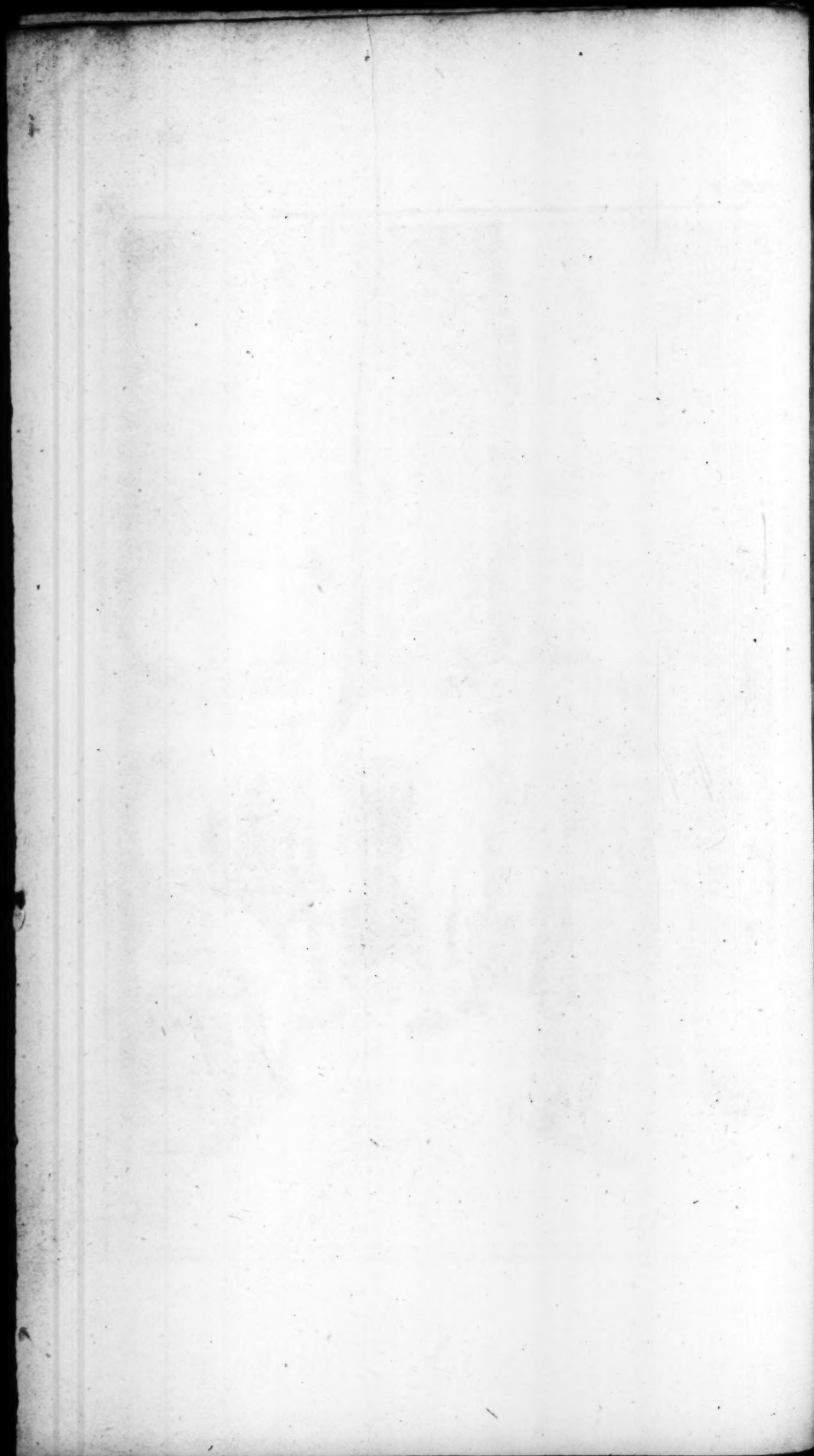
Bravo! I will now shew you a plate which may remind you of this—Look!

All.

Hah! how pretty!

Tutor.





Tutor.

There are five boys whose souls have each the perception of some object. Can you tell me what are the objects of their perception?

James.

That hath the perception of the portrait in his hand.

John.

That who rings the bell, hath the perception of its sound.

George.

And I know of what the other hath the perception who pinches his nose: it is the stink of the feathers burnt in the candle.

Charles.

My turn now. That hath the perception of the taste of the apple he eats.

Ferdinand.

And that who has cut his finger with a knife, has the perception of the pain caused by the wound.

Tutor.

By what means have the souls of those boys perception of all these things?

All.

By the organs of the senses.

James.

Mine by the eyes.

John.

John.

Mine by the ears.

George.

Mine by the nose.

Charles.

Mine by the palate.

Ferdinand.

Mine by the nerves.

Tutor.

But it is not they alone who receive impression of the objects.

All.

No; well remarked! the looking-glass behind the boy?

Tutor.

• Standing before the glass, the boy impresses his image on it; but does the looking-glass know that it represents his image, or rather is it conscious that it receives the impression of it?

All.

No.

Tutor.

And does each boy know the object he represents to himself? Is he conscious that his soul receives the impression of it?

John.

To be sure he would know it, if they were not all mere pictures.

Tutor.

Tutor.

Let us for a moment then suppose them real boys, why do you conclude that their souls know what they figure to themselves, that they are conscious of the impression objects make on them?

James.

Because this appears pleased with looking at the picture.

John.

And that with the sound of the bell.

George.

And that with the sweetness of his apple.

Charles.

Mine who has perception of the stink of the feathers, pinches his nose; he is therefore conscious of what he smells.

Ferdinand.

And mine who has cut himself, must know it too, for he makes such a wry face!

Tutor.

Certainly all the boys are conscious of what they are thinking of; they know the objects of their present perception. But what of the looking glass?

John.

It knows nothing.

Tutor.

It is neither delighted with, nor grieved at
C any

any thing. This happens because it has no consciousness, no sentiment of itself, nor of any of the objects whose impressions it receives. It is therefore a lifeless mirror, whereas our soul is a living one; it is an insensible mirror, whereas our soul is a sensible one——You shall know more to-morrow.

D I A L O G U E II.

Tutor.

NOW, my dears, if agreeable, we'll have some farther conversation about the soul.

All.

Yes, yes, most indulgent sir, we are anxious to be better informed about it.

Tutor.

See, I have brought a slate with me. We will write on it every new discovery we make relative to the soul; afterward I'll hang it on the wall, and place the engravings beside it, which we may occasionally consult to assist our memories.

John.

Hah! as we did in studying geography and history.

Tutor.

Tutor.

Exactly so.

George.

Excellent ! By this means we may always run over again what we have learned, the better to remember it.

Tutor.

Let us begin then. Turn yourselves on this side, from whence you may discern the top of St. Bride's steeple. Have you got it ?

All.

Yes, there.

Tutor.

Do you not see on high something quite black ?

All.

Yes !

James.

Is not that the vane ?

Tutor.

Perhaps yes, perhaps no. It may be a cock, a star, or a sun. Can you distinguish what it is ?

All.

No.

Tutor.

Nor I. Our soul may then have an idea of
C 2 a thing

a thing which it is unable to distinguish from another. How would you name such an idea? It is called an obscure idea. Had you ever any of these obscure ideas?

John.

Oh! yes. When we were at Weymouth, we saw at a great distance on the vast ocean a ship that seemed no bigger than a little black spot. We could not sufficiently distinguish it to say whether it was a crow or a vessel.

Tutor.

We had then only an obscure idea of it; but as the ship drew nearer, could not we distinguish it from a crow?

James.

Vastly well.

Tutor.

But could we distinguish the masts, the cordage, the helm, and every other part of it?

All.

No.

Tutor.

Had any one then asked us what were the peculiar parts of this distant vessel, by what signs, marks or means we distinguished it from any thing else, could we have answered him?

All.

No.

Tutor.

Tutor.

What idea then did our soul form of the ship?—It was not an obscure one, because we were certain it was a ship. We really distinguished it from any thing else, and yet could not say precisely in what it differed. Attend, my dears, our notion of it was a true, but confused idea.

Charles.

Dear sir, let us write that on the slate.

Tutor.

What?

Charles.

That our soul has sometimes obscure ideas; sometimes true ones though confused.

Tutor.

A moment's patience, and you shall yourselves dictate what I am to write. Tell me first, do you see nothing around you of which your soul has at once a true yet confused idea?

George.

Yes; that tree afar off on the other side the Thames.

Tutor.

And why do you say that you have not an obscure idea of the tree, but a true, though confused one?

George.

Because I can readily discern it to be a tree, though I cannot say of what kind. Perhaps it is a fruit tree ; perhaps not ; perhaps, for example, an oak, a lime, or some other species.

Tutor.

It is then because you can in reality distinguish the tree from any thing else, but cannot figure to yourself its peculiar parts, the leaves, the branches and the bark. Is it not so ?

George.

Yes, sir.

Tutor.

You were then right to say that you had a true yet confused idea of the tree. But for this pear-tree before us, has not your soul an idea of it different from that of the distant tree ?

George.

Yes.

Tutor.

And why ?

George.

Because I can distinguish many particulars in it. I see its bark, branches, and even its budding leaves.

Tutor.

In short, could you tell by what marks this tree is distinguished from all others ?

George.

Yes.

George.

Tutor.

You have then of this tree more than a true yet confused idea ; you have —— be attentive —— a distinct idea of it.

John.

Hah ! We have already three sorts of ideas. The obscure, the true yet confused, and the distinct.

Tutor.

Well remembered ! Now let us resume yesterday's engraving. Who will tell me what idea employs the soul of the first boy while he examines the picture ? A distinct, confused, or obscure one ?

John.

A distinct.

Tutor.

Why so ?

John.

Because he can distinguish the picture from any thing else, and can also point out how he distinguishes it.

Tutor.

But what idea occupies the soul of him who listens to the ringing of the bell ?

(They are all silent.)

Let us guess at it. Don't you think he thoroughly distinguishes that sound from any other.

James.

Yes.

Tutor.

But if he were asked how that sound was distinguished from any other, do you think he would be able to explain the difference?

George.

No.

Tutor.

What idea then has he of it?

George.

I know! A true, yet confused one.

Tutor.

Right! Who will shew me in the engraving the boy that has an obscure idea?

Charles.

He who pinches his nose.

Tutor.

Heigh! Don't you know that the soul of the boy distinguishes the smell of the burnt feathers from any other, as for instance, from the scent of roses.

Charles.

True

Tutor.

Tutor.

His idea then is not an obscure, but a confused one.

Ferdinand.

Hah ! I know which it is ; he who eats the apple.

Tutor.

You imagine then that he cannot tell whether he bites an apple, or a bit of rhubarb.

Ferdinand.

Oh, no ! He knows, to be sure, that he is not eating rhubarb, but an apple.

Tutor.

He distinguishes then the apple from any thing else, and therefore has not an obscure idea of it, but a true, yet confused one.

Thomas.

Certainly it must be he who has cut his finger.

John.

Yes, you have guessed it ! As if he likewise could not distinguish the pain given him by the wound from any other !

Tutor.

Affuredly ; he is very differently affected by it, than he would be by a pleasant tickling.

George.

George.

Well then, not one of the boys has an obscure idea.

Tutor.

Now I venture to affirm that an obscure idea occupies the soul of each, not one excepted.

John.

How can that be, if one has a distinct idea, and each of the others a true one?

Tutor.

No matter. You must know, dear John, that the soul is capable of entertaining more than one idea at a time. At the same instant that she perceives something distinctly or clearly, she may have perception of many other things in an obscure manner; for example, don't you think that each of the boys hears the sound of the bell rung by the other?

John.

Yes.

Tutor.

But as their soul is principally occupied with something else, and consequently not attentive to that sound, can it at the moment the bell rings distinguish it from any other?

John.

No,

Tutor,

Tutor.

What idea then does their soul form of it ?
I do not mean the boy who rings, but the others ?

John.

An obscure idea.

Tutor.

You comprehend my argument. And even he who is occupied with the bell, has not he some obscure idea ?

John.

That I cannot tell.

Tutor.

Yet I should think so, look at him who has cut himself ; does not he seem to cry ? His lamentation certainly reaches the ear of the boy who rings ; therefore the soul of the latter has an idea of it ; but it is an obscure one, because he is occupied with something else. If he had a true idea of it, that is, if he thoroughly distinguished the cry of his brother or friend from every other noise, he would naturally turn toward him to lend him his assistance. Don't you think so, John ?

John.

Yes.

Tutor.

Tutor.

It is therefore a fact, that the soul of the boy who rings has at the instant another idea, though a confused one. Now dictate what you would have me write.

George.

Shall not that be my task ?

Each.

No, Mine ! Mine ! Mine !

Tutor.

All at once is impossible. Chance must divide. Quick ! Let each in turn name to me a king of the ancient Persians, in the order of their succession to the throne. He who shall happen to name the last, that is, Darius Codomanus, shall be the victor.

(They name all the Persian kings, and Darius Codomanus falls to the turn of George.)

The laurel is your's, George.

George.

The soul may perceive a thing obscurely.

Tutor.

Stop ! you must also dictate to me the meaning of that.

George.

That is, she may not be able to distinguish it from something else.

Tutor.

Tutor.

Well ! Proceed.

George.

The soul may likewise perceive a thing truly.

Tutor.

That is ?

George.

That is, she may indeed distinguish it from any thing else, yet not be able to point out the particular marks of her distinction.

Tutor.

And how do you call this kind of idea ?

George.

A confused one.

Tutor.

Go on.

George.

The soul may perceive a thing distinctly.

Tutor.

That is ?

George.

That she may not only distinguish the object of her perception from any thing else, but she may likewise tell by what and how she makes the distinction.

Tutor.

Now, my dears, repeat all that we have hither-

hitherto observed relative to our soul. May it be applied to the souls of animals, and what think you of them? Are their souls likewise simple essences?

John.

It may. They are no more visible than our own.

Tutor.

And can the souls of animals likewise form ideas of things?

James.

Affuredly; for when I throw a bit of bread to a dog, he snaps at it; he must therefore have formed before hand an idea of bread.

Tutor.

But can the soul of the dog know it has this idea, that is feel a consciousness and internal sensation of its perceptions.

George.

No doubt, or he would not snap at the bread.

Tutor.

Is it likewise by means of the senses that the souls of animals have their perceptions?

Charles.

Yes, surely. Our Spadille sees, hears, smells, tastes and feels just as we do.

Tutor.

Tutor.

He has even an acuter sense of smelling. Among the animals, one or another of the senses is commonly keener than with man. Some of them have fewer senses than we; others may have senses totally unknown to us. That granted, animals may likewise possess imagination.—But to proceed. Our soul has obscure ideas; is it the same with that of animals? What think you?

Ferdinand.

I think they have.

Tutor.

And why do you think so.

Ferdinand.

I cannot well explain the reason.

Tutor.

That is you have not yourself a very distinct idea why you think so; otherwise you would not be at a loss for an answer.—Let us investigate it.—Is it not fact that in musing, we have an idea of the things on which we muse?

Ferdinand.

Yes.

Tutor.

Well! have you never observed that dogs too are disposed to musing?

Fer-

Ferdinand.

Yes, to be sure ; they sometimes bark in sleep, and wag their tails.

Tutor.

Can you doubt then that their souls have likewise obscure ideas ?

Ferdinand.

No ; but have they also true ones ?

Tutor.

We must investigate that. Here is a stone, and a bit of bread of the same size, and almost of the same colour ; let us offer both of them to Spadille, and remark if he is deceived by their resemblance, and cannot immediately distinguish between them—Spadille ! Spadille !

Thomas (coming in)

Spadille is not there ; but here is Cerberus.

Tutor.

One will do as well as the other.—Come, observe—Ah ! Do you see ?

Thomas.

He has distinguished to perfection.

Tutor.

What idea then has he entertained ?

Charles.

A true one.

Tutor.

Tutor.

But do you think his attention equal to the distinguishing precisely in what consists the difference between bread and meat?

John.

No.

Tutor.

At least we have no authority to conclude so. Animals never discover that they possess distinct ideas; so that we have reason to think they are incapable of them. This is the first advantage Providence has given our souls over those of brutes; and if you wish to know the name for this property of the soul which confers on it such a superiority, it is the understanding; so that when we say the soul of man is endued with understanding, how is that to be expressed in other terms?

John.

That it enjoys distinct ideas.

Tutor.

Very good! we will inscribe that on the slate. Enough! for to-day.

D I A L O G U E III.

(*THE* tutor comes in the next day, with a knotted handkerchief in his hand; and, without speaking, strikes each of the boys with it.)

All.

Heigh! Heigh! Heigh!

Tutor.

What's the matter?

All.

It hurts us.

Tutor.

I am glad of that.

All.

Why so, sir?

Tutor.

Because this has made you acquainted with another property of the soul.

John.

What is that?

Tutor.

Did you not feel a small degree of pain?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

Tutor.

And know the occasion of it ?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

The handkerchief was the cause ; and the pain the effect ?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

So that your soul can perceive the cause of an effect, and the effect of a cause ?

George.

What is the meaning of cause and effect ?

Tutor.

What occasions another thing is called a cause, and what is produced by any thing is called an effect. The handkerchief, or rather my arm which directed it, gave you pain, it was therefore the cause of it ; and the pain was occasioned by the handkerchief directed by my arm ; the pain therefore was an effect. Do you understand this ?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

Tell me now, whether your soul does not

D 2

distinctly

distinctly perceive, with regard to many things, that they are causes; and with respect to many others, that they are effects?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

Attend then to what it was my design to teach you. Our soul being capable of these two perceptions, is said to be rational. Is your soul rational?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

Why so?

James.

We have just proved it. Because it can perceive distinctly what produces a thing, and what a thing produces.

Tutor.

Undoubtedly you have already remarked the causes of several effects. For example, it rains at present; whence does the rain proceed?

Charles.

From the clouds.

Tutor.

What then are the clouds?

Tutor.

The cause of rain.

Tutor.

Tutor.

And what is rain ?

John.

An effect of the clouds.

Tutor.

And how do you call the power or faculty of the soul which gives you a conception of this ?

All.

Reason.

Tutor.

Very well. Here is a print which may serve to remind you of this faculty of the soul. It represents a rainbow, and that lad is endeavouring to discover the cause of it.

George.

What has he got in his hand ?

Tutor.

A triangular glass called a prism. When the glass is turned to the sun, so that the rays of the latter pass through it, they are divided in seven parts, each of which appears of a different colour, in the following order ; violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red. Now the lad observes the same colours in the rainbow ; and as he has remarked, when one appears, that there are humid vapours, or drops of rain in the air, he concludes from thence,

that the sun-beams, in passing through them, are divided in the same manner, as when a prism is opposed to them. To be the better assured of this, he presents to the sun a glass full of water, and beholding with pleasure behind the glass, the same colours which had appeared behind the prism and in the rainbow, he is convinced that the rainbow is an effect of the sun-beams and watry vapours found in the air. He has therefore distinctly perceived the cause of the rainbow. And to what faculty of the soul does he owe this perception?

James.

To his reason.

Tutor.

What think you now? Are the souls of brutes likewise endued with reason?

All.

No, for they are called irrational animals.

Tutor.

But is that name justly applied to them? Is it a fact that animals cannot in any case perceive the cause or effect of a thing?

John.

Oh! no. As soon as the whip is shewn to Cerberus, he runs away, because he has often felt its stripes, when he has scratched holes in the garden.

Tutor.

Tutor.

So you think he knows the whip is the cause of the smart occasioned by the stripes?

John.

Yes.

Tutor.

But can it be said, he has a distinct idea of the whip and the smart occasioned by it?

John.

No; animals have only confused and obscure ideas.

Tutor.

Very good. So then, to have reason attributed to one, there must be a distinct perception of cause and effect; and since animals are incapable of that, is it to be allowed that they have the use of reason?

All.

No.

Tutor.

This is another advantage which Providence has been pleased to grant us over all other terrestrial animals. An advantage so considerable, that it qualifies us to know and love our Creator; and to become, by observance of his laws, partakers of a felicity not attainable by any irrational being. It is therefore our duty to thank him for, and by a good use of it, to render ourselves more worthy of this inestima-

ble gift. John, dictate what I am to write.

John.

Our soul is also rational.

Tutor.

How do you explain that?

John.

It can perceive the causes and effects of many things.

Tutor.

Let us continue to inspect our soul; we may probably discover some new property in it; in the mean time a little chatting will be a relaxation.

George.

Of what?

Tutor.

This table, and I'll begin. Should I advance, in your opinion, an unjust assertion, you are free to reprove me. A liberty, you know, which such young gentlemen should not take without licence. I say then that the table is as white as snow.

All (laughing.)

Quite the reverse! It is as black as pitch.

Tutor.

Then for once we are of opposite sentiments.

ments. I affirm that the table is as white as snow ; and you deny it ?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

And you are all certain that you are not deceived ?

All.

Positively.

Tutor.

Softly ! Without suspecting it, have we not suddenly discovered a new property of the soul ? That it can perceive whether a thing may be affirmed or denied ?

All.

To be sure it can.

Tutor.

I am glad of that. Now I know that our soul possesses the faculty of judgment.

John.

Of judgment ?

Tutor.

Yes ; it is called judgment, when we perceive that a thing may be affirmed or denied. Is not your soul capable of this ?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

Tutor.

However we must examine whether this be true. I'll write something on the slate, and you shall tell me whether it may be allowed or denied.

(He writes on the slate, the earth is square)

Well, can your soul determine whether this proposition may be admitted or denied?

All.

Denied. If the earth be round, how can it be square?

Tutor.

Very good! I conclude therefore that our soul possesses the faculty of judging. However let us not be too hasty; for this at last may not be the fact.—The question is whether the soul thoroughly perceives, I mean, perceives distinctly, why the proposition written on the slate ought not be admitted, but denied?

John.

Three proofs to one may be given, that the earth is round.

Tutor.

Come, the first?

John.

Because some have sailed round it.

Tutor.

Tutor.

But how could they know that?

John.

Because having sailed westward, they have returned home by the east.

Tutor.

A good proof! Now for another?

George.

Let me give it, sir. At sea, in proportion as we leave the shore, we lose sight first of the beach; next the houses gradually disappear; then the towers; and lastly the tops of the highest mountains.

Tutor.

Your conclusion?

George.

That the earth is round.

Tutor.

Why so?

George.

Because if it were not, the flat parts would continue in view as long as the lofty.

Tutor.

Right! George.—The third proof?

Charles.

I'll give it. During an eclipse of the moon, the shadow of the earth is seen on her.

Tutor.

Tutor.

And how is that?

Charles.

As the earth is then between the moon and the sun, it resembles me standing between the sun and the wall, when my shadow falls on the latter.

Tutor.

And what do you conclude from the earth's shadow being seen on the moon?

Charles.

That the earth is round.

Tutor.

Why?

Charles.

Because the shadow appears round.

Tutor.

I understand you! The reasons of your judgment are clear to you: hence it is certain that the soul has the faculty of judging. Exult in this additional privilege, which Providence has bestowed on men, above all other terrestrial animals.

John.

Have not brutes the same?

Tutor.

Perhaps you think they have.

John.

John.

I cannot tell.

Tutor.

But you wish to know?

John.

Yes.

Tutor.

I have heard that our soul possesses a very singular faculty, which enables it to discover new truths; for instance, it is said, that if two propositions, or two judgments are given, it can readily of itself draw a third from them; that is without having ever learned the same from any one. Now this faculty is called reasoning, or the power of discovering something by reasoning. Come, we'll immediately try whether our soul possesses this faculty; and if so, whether we can discover if animals have it or not.

I have said, we must lay down two propositions, and I add, that without foreign assistance, the soul can deduce from them a third. I'll write two propositions on the slate; mark them well; as to the third, I leave it to yourselves.

- 1 He who has no distinct ideas, cannot judge.
- 2 Now brutes have no distinct ideas.

Therefore

Therefore——The third?

John.

Therefore brutes cannot judge?

Tutor.

Well ! Have we not the third proposition, as it were by inspiration ? Who has imparted it to us ?

John.

No one.

Tutor.

Our soul must therefore possess the singular faculty in question. But is it not surprising that in the same manner we can discover many things, which we could not with the exertion of all our senses, and this without the information of any one ? Let us make another trial. There are three small parcels sealed up, each containing a certain number of counters. You must not open, nor so much as touch them ; and yet I'll wager, that your soul, finds by reasoning, whether there are more counters in one parcel than in the other.

George.

We shall never be able to do this !

Tutor.

The capacity of your soul exceeds your belief ; as **you shall see**. I must first give you
no

no more than two propositions; I care not for the third.——Let me write those on the slate.

1 In the first small parcel, there are neither more nor fewer counters than in the second.

2 In the second there are neither more nor fewer than in the third.

Therefore——The third proposition?

James.

3 Therefore there is an equal number in each of the parcels.

Tutor.

Neither more nor fewer in one than in another?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

Now let us see if the conclusion of our soul be right. (*He opens the parcels.*)

In this, six; in the second, six;—and in the third?

John.

Likewise six. How extraordinary!

Tutor.

Admire the faculties with which our souls are endued.

Charles.

Charles.

And Providence has not granted these to brutes?

Tutor.

I must not answer that question; your soul can resolve it.

Ferdinand.

Can it do that too?

Tutor.

Affuredly. Attend. Do you not perceive that he who cannot judge, cannot reason?

John.

Yes; because to reason, we ourselves must draw a third judgment.

Tutor.

Good! Write that first on the slate.

1 He who cannot judge, cannot reason.

Now we must determine whether animals can judge or not.

John.

We have already found that they cannot.

Tutor.

Right! Our second proposition therefore is,

2 The souls of brutes cannot judge.

Therefore——The third?

John.

3 Therefore brutes cannot reason.

Tutor.

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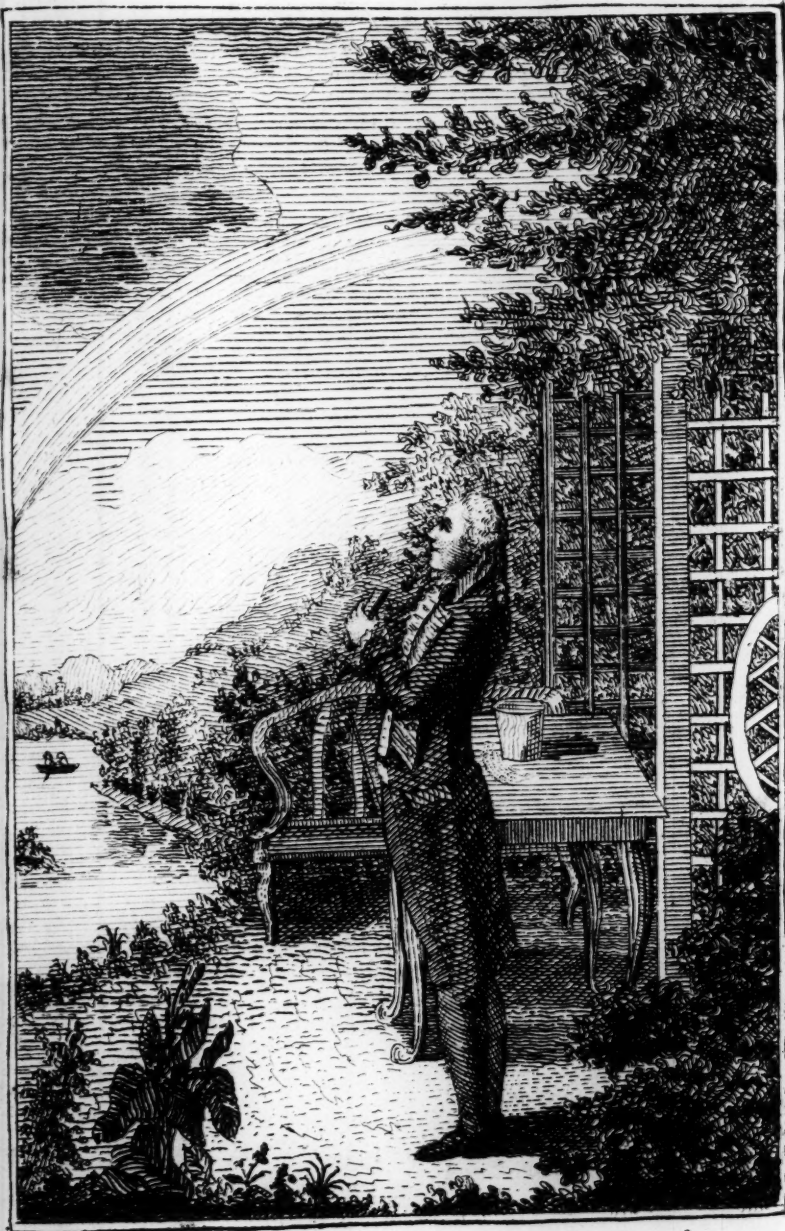
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Tutor.

Have we not found this out ourselves? Has any one revealed it to us?

All.

No.

Tutor.

It is therefore proved, that we have the power of reasoning. Now the two faculties of the soul just discovered, judgment and reason, you may recollect by looking at the print of to-day. Say, what does the boy here represented think?

George.

That the sun-beams and watry vapours in the air cause the rain-bow.

Tutor.

He perceives then, that this ought to be affirmed, and not denied?

George.

Yes.

Tutor.

James, dictate what I am to write.

James.

Our soul can also judge.

Tutor.

That is?

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James.

James.

It can perceive whether a thing ought to be affirmed, or denied.

Tutor.

Proceed.

James.

Our soul can also reason.

Tutor.

What does that mean?

James.

That it can, without the least hint from any one, draw a third judgment, or a third proposition from two others.

Tutor.

Right! Enough for to-day.

DIALOGUE IV.

(*THE company having met the next day, and the Tutor being about to resume the conversation, suddenly stops, turns his head toward the window, and seems all attention.*)

John.

What is the matter?

Tutor.

Tutor.

Listen ! Listen !

(The young gentlemen, listening, exclaim " Hah ! the nightingale !" For it was the first they had heard that year.)

Tutor. (Nodding.)

Hush ! Hush !

(They are all silent till the bird ceases singing.)

Tutor.

What have we been doing ?

All.

Listening to the nightingale.

Tutor.

And while we listened, did we think of any thing else ?

All.

No.

Tutor.

So that our soul banished every other thought, to attend to the harmony of the bird ?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

Tell me in one word, how our soul was then employed ?

John.

It was attentive.

Tutor.

Very good ! That is another of its faculties ; it can be attentive to a thing, or in other terms, when it chuses, can think only of what it prefers.

George.

And surely brutes can do the same ?

Tutor.

Why do you conclude so ?

George.

Do not horses and dogs erect their ears when they listen ?

Tutor.

Granted. Their soul then thinks only of what they hear or see. But did you ever remark that brutes were attentive to any thing that did not strike one of their senses ; for instance, to an absent object, as the Great Mogul ?

George, (laughing.)

No.

Tutor.

Or to something not obvious to the senses, though it were present, as the faculties and qualities of the soul ?

George.

No.

Tutor.

Tutor.

But cannot our souls think of any thing absent ?

George.

Yes.

Tutor.

For instance, when we studied geography, and had got into the Mogul's dominions, was not your soul attentive to my account of him and his empire ?

George.

Affuredly.

Tutor.

And at present are you not attentive to every discovery we make concerning the soul, though nothing immediately connected with it can be seen, or heard, or is in any degree an object of the senses ?

Charles.

Yes.

Tutor.

The conclusion then is, that our soul may be attentive, first to something not present ; secondly to something not an object of the senses, though ever so near us.

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

Here then is a great difference between our attention, and that of brutes. Besides, can they voluntarily fix their attention on a particular object; or to state it otherwise, do you think that they are free to make choice of such an object?

James.

No.

Tutor.

Nor I; for I have never observed that brutes were attentive, till excited by something that affected their senses. On the contrary, is not our soul free to chuse the object of its attention?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

At present we are considering its faculties, but as soon as we please, we may think of something else. It therefore rests entirely with ourselves what object we will think of, and to give it our attention as long as we please. Hence arises another prodigious difference between the attention of our soul and that of brutes. To illustrate this, I must shew you a new print. It represents a large ape, called an
Orang-

Orang-Outang; which you have already met with in natural history. You see two boys standing before him, looking earnestly at the strange animal. To be sure their souls can think of nothing at the instant but the ape. How then are they employed?

All.

They are attentive.

Tutor.

But while they examine the ape, does it occur to their minds, that he resembles another creature?

Charles.

Yes; man.

Tutor.

So the boys have at once the figure of man and that of an ape present to their fancies?

Ferdinand.

Yes.

Tutor.

And do you know how to express this, when the soul thinks first of one thing, then of another, and lastly perceives both at once? It is called a comparison of one thing with another. What then are these two boys doing, Thomas?

Thomas.

Comparing the ape with man.

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Tutor.

Tutor.

And why do they do so?

Thomas.

Because they are desirous of learning whether an ape is made like a man.

Tutor.

That means in other words they wish to know whether a man and an ape resemble one another. One of the boys seems particularly attentive to the paws of the ape, or the fore feet; the other to the feet or hind-paws. The first discovers that the fore-paws greatly resemble the human hand; the other that the hind-paws differ extremely from our feet, because they are exactly like hands: so the first discovers a resemblance, and the other a difference between man and the ape. Now would you know what faculty of the soul the boys exercise?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

The soul of the first boy exercises his wit, and that of the second his penetration: for by wit we perceive resemblances, and differences by penetration. Has your soul also penetration and wit? Yet we cannot know this, without

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out having made trial ; for the proof then. Let each of you compare his own figure with that of the ape here ; afterward we will see who shall have discovered a resemblance and a difference between the two. I will give you a minute to think of it. Well ! Charles, say first what have you observed ?

Charles.

Men walk upright, and so do apes.

Tutor.

In this then, they resemble each other ; and in what do they differ ?

Charles.

Man has a smooth skin, whereas the ape has a very rough one.

Tutor.

Good ! Your turn, Thomas.

Thomas.

The ape, like man, can seize any thing with his paw ; in this he resembles us ; but he has a wider mouth than ours, and his face is always wrinkled like an old man's ; in this he does not resemble us.

Tutor.

Vastly good too ! Now Ferdinand, exert yourself.

Ferdinand.

The ape, like us, is fond of imitation.

Tutor.

Tutor.

This is another resemblance, which he has in common, especially with children ; but not to lose time, let one point out the resemblance, and another mark the difference. Your turn, George.

George.

The ape cannot speak.

Tutor.

Very well. Another difference. Proceed, John.

John.

The ape in docility almost equals man.

Tutor.

What then can such a great ape learn ?

John.

Natural history informs us, that he can learn to dance, to ride on horseback, to carry wood, to trundle the wheel-barrow, to wait at table, to caper on the rope, to perform military exercise, and to beat the drum.

Tutor.

Another striking resemblance. Now, James, for a difference ?

James.

The ape is not rational.

Tutor.

Why do you assert that ?

James.

James.

Because his imitation is blind, without the knowledge of a cause, and often betrays him to a snare.

Tutor.

How ?

James.

Have you not heard how stupidly apes suffer themselves to be taken ? A man sits down under a tree on which an ape is perched. He pulls off his shoes or breeches ; then walks away ; after leaving at the foot of the tree a small pair of shoes or breeches smeared with pitch. The ape immediately comes down, puts on the shoes or breeches, to play the man ; but has hardly got them on, when he finds they will not come off, because they stick to his skin ; and as they prevent his escaping, he is obliged to stay till he is taken. Would he act so sillily, if he were endued with reason ?

Tutor.

No, certainly. He would first reflect to what purpose this imitation ? May it not injure me ?—Come, my dears, I see your souls, like those of the rest of your species are capable of perceiving the resemblances and differences of things. Dictate therefore what I am to write

write on the slate. James, begin; the rest shall follow in turn.—

James.

Our soul is capable of attention, that is——

Tutor.

Stop! Let me write that first—Proceed.

James.

That is, it can banish every other thought, to attend to one object.

John.

My turn. The soul can also compare things, to discover their resemblance or difference.

When ——

George.

With your permission, good Sir, 'tis my turn. When the soul perceives a resemblance in things, it is traced by its wit. And——

Charles.

Softly; 'tis mine now. And when it perceives that things do not resemble each other, it is by its penetration. But, Sir, what is the meaning of all those figures on the prints?

Tutor.

Look! I mark on the slate with figures every new faculty of the soul, as we discover it, and to know which print has a relation to it, I mark that with the same figure.

Charles.

Charles.

Hah!

Tutor.

If therefore you should happen to forget what faculty of the soul either of the prints is meant to remind you of, you need only look for the correspondent number on the slate, and you have it at a glance.

Charles.

Good!—Shall not we proceed?

Tutor.

To-morrow, my dear boy; we have done very well for to-day. We have sufficiently exercised the soul; let us take a turn in the garden, to exercise our bodies.

John.

One question more, Sir. Have brutes also wit and penetration?

Tutor.

Whoever is endued with wit and penetration is not only capable of distinguishing one thing from another, but he can also point out exactly in what they differ; for things are no otherwise alike, than as they have particular marks in common. Do you think now that the souls of brutes have wit and penetration?

John.

John.

No. Because they have not distinct ideas.

Tutor.

Then they cannot perceive the marks which distinguish things.—Enough!

D I A L O G U E V.

Tutor.

REJOICE, my young philosophers, to-day we shall ascertain a remarkable property of our souls.

All.

What may it be?

Tutor.

That it is capable of attention?

All.

Oh! we were told that yesterday.

Tutor.

Yesterday? Then you shall have proof of it immediately. What does attention mean?

James.

The banishing of every other thought, that the soul may attend to one object.

Tutor.

Tutor.

A definition that has been already given ?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

I mention this for your improvement : for hence it appears that your soul has another faculty of equal consequence.

John.

What is that, Sir ?

Tutor.

It recalls at present an idea which it has had before. Does it not ?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

At the same time it is thoroughly conscious of having previously entertained that idea ?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

From thence I conclude that it has memory, or that faculty by which it is qualified to recall past ideas, with an absolute certainty of having formerly entertained them. Has not your soul just now been so employed ?

All.

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

Then it has memory. But to confirm this, we will make another trial. Did you ever see a lion?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

How was he made?

Charles.

He had large glaring eyes!

George.

And a sweeping tail, with a thick tuft or tassel at the end.

John.

And hair so long and bushy that it hung over the fore-part of his body, while the rest was quite smooth.

Tutor.

Where did you see him?

Charles.

At the Lyceum in the Strand among a variety of other wild beasts; as you must recollect, Sir, for you were with us.

Tutor.

Yes, I remember it was last year. Well!
has

has not your soul just recalled an idea, with a certainty that it is not new, but entertained in your mind long before? How do you name this faculty?

All.

Memory.

Tutor.

Who will dictate, while I write?

All.

I! I! I! I!

Tutor.

All at once will confound me. Chance must again decide. Let each in turn mention a faculty of the soul. He who names the memory shall be the winner.

(They repeat immediately the inferences of the foregoing conversations, and George wins.)

George.

I have won!

Tutor.

What am I to write?

George.

Our soul possesses memory.

Tutor.

Explain that.

George.

The soul can recall a past idea, with the certainty

tainty of having entertained it before.

Tutor.

Is memory also an attribute of the souls of brutes?

All.

That deserves inquiry.

John.

I think it is.

Tutor.

Give the reason of your opinion?

John.

A dog that has been ill-used, if the offender passes his master's door, is ready to fly at him.

Tutor.

And hence it seems a fair deduction that dogs possess memory. For in all probability they are eager for revenge, from a recollection of the injury received. Yet, do they know distinctly, that it is the revival of an idea, not a new perception? Your opinion, John?

John.

The negative.

Tutor.

Why?

John.

Because the souls of brutes have not distinct knowledge, or they would be rational.

Tutor.

Tutor.

Therefore a dog resenting an injury, must feel as if he had instantly received it?

John.

Yes.

Tutor.

A prodigious difference this between our memory and that of brutes! For though their soul can recall ideas, it is in so imperfect a manner, as to have no consciousness of their former perception. Therefore, strictly speaking, does memory seem to be theirs?

All.

No.

Tutor.

Let us examine another print.

All.

Do, Sir.

Tutor.

This represents a decrepit old man.

Charles.

He has a crooked leg.

Tutor.

That is owing to a youthful frolic.

Ferdinand.

How, Sir?

Tutor.

He was an unlucky boy and fond of climbing, particularly when nobody older was near to prevent his being hurt. One day while alone, he thought proper to mount a stove, that his brothers might hunt for him, when they came in. He climbs, the stove totters, falls on his leg and breaks it. After suffering much pain, the little rebel was indeed cured; but his leg continued crooked and stiff all the rest of his life.

Thomas.

Whose portraits hang on the wall?

Tutor.

His own, taken at different periods. First, a child, he is dressed like a hussar.

Charles.

The misfortune had not then happened to his leg?

Tutor.

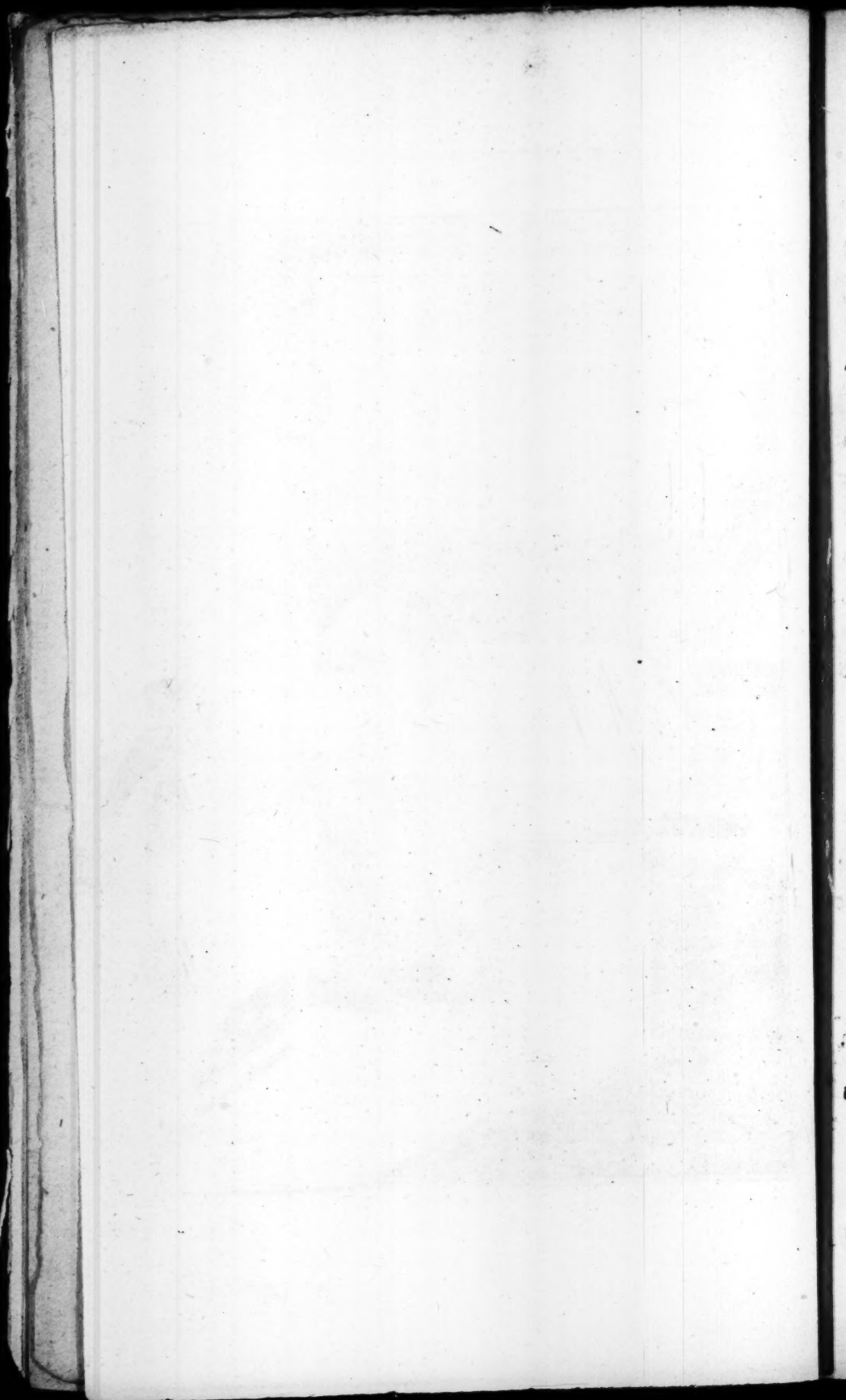
No; but it befell him soon afterward; for there he is a lad still, and yet you see him with a crooked leg. In the third portrait he is a man grown.—How do you think the old man is affected with the sight of the pictures?

John.

He recalls the past occurrences of his life.

Tutor.





Tutor.

In looking at the first he recollects the breaking of his leg; the second brings to his mind the scenes and adventures of his travels; and viewing the third, he thinks of his dear deceased wife, to whom he was then married. This print therefore may remind us—Of what?

All.

Our memory.

Tutor.

But does it not lead us to a new discovery respecting our soul?

John.

What?

Tutor.

Answer two questions. When the leg was first broke, what idea was impressed on the soul of the boy?

John.

That of his shattered leg.

Tutor.

And was that as indifferent to him, as one of a broken stick?

John.

To be sure not!

Tutor.

Or did it afford him an extraordinary degree of satisfaction ?

John.

Quite the contrary ! It gave him great pain.

Tutor.

And when in his travels passing through mighty kingdoms, he was struck with the sight of magnificent cities and castles, machines of a new construction, extraordinary animals or vegetables ; men differing in appearance, speaking other languages, of dissimilar manners and customs ; was he as little affected with the sight, as we are by objects seen every day ?

George.

He must have been a statue for that !

Tutor.

But on recollecting those ideas at present, are his sensations the same, as when the idea of his broken leg recurs to him ?

George.

No ; the last gives him pain ; on the contrary the others must afford him pleasure.

Tutor.

You are convinced then, that the soul is not indifferent to every idea ?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

That some please, others give it pain.

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

And would you know how to name such different effects?—Those are called sensations which are received by means of the senses; and those are filed sentiments which are not immediately dependent on them. The pain, for instance, occasioned by a burn, is a sensation; but the concern felt for the absence of a friend, or the death of a father, is a sentiment.

John.

Still new information!

Tutor.

Our soul is an inexhaustible source of surprizing properties. You will gradually make fresh discoveries of its nature. Let us now review our print. Why does the old man, looking at his first portrait, put his hand on his crooked leg?

James.

He seems to rub it.

Tutor.

And why so? Does it still pain him?

James.

I should think not; it is so long since the injury.

Tutor.

And I too; though by his frowns one might suppose he felt the first smart from it now.

James.

He can only remember that.

Tutor.

At present then he recalls the idea or sensation of his past suffering?

James.

It appears so.

Tutor.

And probably is as much affected, as on feeling the original pain?

James.

Yes.

Tutor.

Have our souls the same power? Can they renew agreeable and disagreeable sensations or sentiments? Let us investigate this.—You recollect that last year we sailed from London to Richmond?

All.

All.

Yes. It was a charming party !

John.

How we tacked about ! and how the boat
reeled from one side to the other !

Charles.

And how it danced on the billows, as if we
had been rocked !

George.

In passing Chelsea-reach.

Tutor.

Then did not the trees and houses seem to go
before us, and we appear left behind ?

All.

Yes.—It was a delightful excursion !

Tutor.

Do you not recollect it with satisfaction ?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

And, recollecting, seem to enjoy it again ?

All.

Surely.

Tutor.

All the difference is, that you have not so
lively, nor so lasting a sensation of it ?

All.

All.

Exactly so.

Tutor.

Well ! How is your soul employed at this instant ?

James.

I know ! I know ! It renews a former sensation.

Tutor.

Right ! And that an agreeable one. But let us see whether we may not renew a disagreeable sensation. Tell me, James, your feelings two years ago, when you heard of your mother's death ?

(James weeps, and all are sympathetically silent, after a pause,—)

Your tears, James, flow from too just a source, for me to blame them. Yet do not forget that there is a nobler tribute to be paid to your mother's memory. I mean your adopting that conduct, which you know she wished on her death bed, that you may one day rejoin her in the mansions of the blest.—Come, my brother Philosophers, how was the soul of James employed a moment since ?

John.

It renewed a disagreeable sentiment.

Tutor.

Tutor.

Our soul then can, first, renew agreeable or disagreeable sentiments, and sensations, and secondly, as it were, feel them again.

John.

And by what faculty?

Tutor.

The imagination.

John.

Imagination then is equivalent to memory?

Tutor.

Your question proves that you are attentive. Imagination and memory have actually properties in common : but let us see whether we cannot discover a difference between them. By each we have the power of recollection—but in what manner? Memory recalls ideas in general ; whereas imagination only recalls those ideas which give us pain or pleasure ; ideas which we have included under the definition of sentiments, or sensations. Besides the memory has a distinct knowledge that the ideas of her recollection have been already entertained by the soul ; whereas the more lively the imagination, the more it renders us forgetful of the repetition. The imagination can persuade us that the present sentiment or sensation is the first,

first, though the primitive object of each is far removed. This happens to the old man in the print. The dupe of his imagination, he feels, as for the first time, the fracture of his leg, though it has been cured fifty years. Thus, you see, he puts his hand on it, as is usual for those who suffer great bodily pain.—Do you understand now, John, how the memory differs from the imagination?

John.

Yes, sir.

Tutor.

Then we will rest here.

John.

Shall not we write?

Tutor.

Well reminded! Dictate.

John.

Our soul is capable of sentiments and sensations.—Shall I add their explanation?

Tutor.

Undoubtedly.

John.

Sentiments and sensations are ideas which give us pain and pleasure; the last proceed from the senses; the others not so.

Tutor.

Tutor.

Go on.

John.

Our soul has likewise imagination, that is she can recall her past sentiments and sensations.

Tutor.

Very good ! Now to the garden.

(To avoid prolixity, I here break off the comparison between the soul of man and that of brutes ; and the rather because there can be no difficulty in tracing it farther, for a Tutor of the most indifferent abilities.)

DIALOGUE VI.

Charles.

What means the winged horse in the print, Sir ?

Tutor.

It is placed on the stove for an ornament.

Charles.

Are there then horses with wings ?

Tutor.

No ; it is a creature of the artist's imagination.

Charles.

Charles.

And can one imagine the existence of such things !

Tutor.

Why not ? I can easily imagine that I have seen you flying astride a turkey-cock.

Charles.

Finely mounted indeed ! but void of reality.

Tutor.

True ; but our soul may create what it pleases. For instance, cannot you imagine the figure I should cut, if my nose reached from here to the wall ?

Charles, (laughing.)

Oh ? yes.

Tutor.

And would you know the name of this imaginative faculty which represents such extravagances ?——It is called fancy, and its odd ideas are termed whims or fancies.

Charles.

Ah ; let me indulge my fancy too !

Tutor.

Cheerfully !

Charles.

I fancy how a turkey would look with a full-bottomed peruke, a sword by his side, and a hat under his wing.

Tutor.

Tutor.

That would be as laughable, as to see his wife, the turkey-hen, with a hoop and a tête like a lady's.

Charles.

Yet that might be admitted as a whim or fancy.

Tutor.

Right ! though, like yours, mine has no reality. Can you tell who are the most liable to such whims ?

All.

No.

Tutor.

Your poets, painters and sculptors.—Don't you recollect any poem remarkable for flights of fancy ?

John.

Yes, one called Spring.

Tutor.

Well ! What fancy do you find there ?

John.

The author represents Spring as a lady decked with nosegays, and nightingales perched on her shoulders.

When rosy morning leads the vernal hours,
The smiles and loves attend, a jocund train !

Round

Round her gay temples croud perfuming
flowers,

Her shoulders warbling Philomels sustain.

Tutor.

Hereafter when in turning over our library,
any new fancy occurs, be sure to notice it.

All.

We will.

Charles.

May not I dictate, Sir?

Tutor.

Do.

Charles.

Our soul has besides an imaginative fa-

DIALOGUE VI.

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All.

Hah ! Cherries ?

Tutor.

Yes.

(They wait in silence.)

Now I am going to guess the action of your
soul.

All.

What is it ?

Tutor.

It imagines what it would not have.

George.

Not so, it imagines what it would have.

Tutor.

Charles.

And can one imagine the existence of such things !

Tutor.

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Tutor.

Cheerfully !

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Tutor.

Hereafter when in turning over our library,
any new fancy occurs, be sure to notice it.

All.

We will.

Charles.

May not I dictate, Sir?

Tutor.

Do.

Charles.

Our soul has besides an imaginative faculty.

Tutor.

What does that mean?

Charles.

That it can imagine things to exist, which
are void of reality.

Tutor.

You have exceeded my expectation. Continue your attention.

Charles.

Dear Sir, you may depend on that.

(*The Tutor takes out of his pocket, without speaking a handful of cherries.*)

All.

All.

Hah ! Cherries ?

Tutor.

Yes.

(They wait in silence.)

Now I am going to guess the action of your
soul.

All.

What is it ?

Tutor.

It imagines what it would not have.

George.

Not so, it imagines what it would have.

Tutor.

Then I am mistaken.

*(He takes out of his pocket a knob of Assafœtida,
and presents it to the nose of each.)*

All.

Pho !

Tutor.

Well ! Does your soul still imagine some-
thing it would have ?

Thomas.

Oh ! no. But a thing it would not have at
all.

G

Tutor.

Tutor.

So we have discovered the soul imagining first a thing it would fain have; and can you express that in one word?

All.

No.

Tutor.

That is called to desire. It afterward imagined a thing that it would by no means have.

John.

Which it did not desire?—

Tutor.

Better expressed, which it disliked. The soul has then the double faculty of desiring or disliking. And though it is not always proper to gratify it, with what it likes or desires, or to remove what it dislikes; yet for once let its inclination be indulged. Away with the stinking drug!—Come take some (*cherries*) there is just three for each.

All.

We are much obliged to you, Sir.

Tutor.

But what is in my hand?

All.

A print.

Tutor.



Tutor.

That represents a boy endeavouring to catch a butterfly. What is the action of his soul?

John.

It imagines a thing it would have,

Tutor.

So then it desires something. There is another who, looking for flowers, finds a toad. What is the act of his soul?

George.

It figures to itself a thing it would not have.

Tutor.

So that, far from desiring the toad, it dislikes or detests it. But a third looks eagerly at some ripe apples. What is the act of his soul?

Charles.

It desires the apples.

Tutor.

Why does he not gather them then?

James.

Perhaps they have been forbidden him.

Tutor.

Perhaps too he has taken physic, and considers with himself whether fruit be good for him.——And how is the fourth boy employed?

G 2

George.

George.

To be sure he is about to take physic.

Tutor.

Indeed it is not unlikely. What wry faces the rogue makes! But as he seems to detest the medicine, why does he not throw it away?

John.

He considers first whether it would be wise to do so.

Tutor.

I believe you have guessed it. So that our soul has the power, when it desires or dislikes a thing, to examine whether its liking or dislike may prove beneficial or hurtful to itself?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

It can act with or against its propensity?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

It is then free to will, or not to will. Rejoice, young philosophers, for that is another exalted privilege granted us by Providence. — Have the souls of brutes the same advantage?

John.

John.

I should think not.

Tutor.

Were we in total ignorance of that, the bird in our print might give us information.

George.

What would he do?

Tutor.

In the cage he sees victuals, which would be very agreeable to, and consequently is much desired by him. Did he, like us, enjoy freedom of will, he would consider whether it would be better to touch or forego the food. Only let him follow his inclination, hop into the cage, the door shuts, and he is taken.

Charles.

Poor fool ! Why have you not free-will, to avoid entering the cage ?

Tutor.

Were man to conduct himself without reflection ; were he to follow blindly the inclination of the moment, and to reject every thing displeasing ; what would he resemble ?

John.

The brutes.

Tutor.

Yet, like them, he often suffers by his rashness.

Remember this, my young moralists, and be not slaves to your desires; but whatever you like or dislike, before you embrace it, consult reason, and advise with men of experience. Accustom yourselves to things useful, though unpleasant; and dispense with hurtful things, however agreeable. Thus you will daily advance in perfection, and become happier in proportion.—Now let us repeat the acquisitions of to day.—James, dictate.

James.

Our soul has the faculty of desiring.

Tutor.

What is that?

James.

The wishing to possess any thing it imagines.

Tutor.

Is that our only discovery?

James.

No; our soul has besides free-will; that is before resolving to do, or not to do any thing; it can fix its choice, from considering whether that will be profitable or hurtful.

Tutor.

Here we'll end.

All.

Oh! it is too early.

Tutor.

Tutor.

Well! I can spare a few minutes—— but what shall we talk about? I have it! We have asserted that brutes not having free-will, do not act from a consideration that it may be profitable to do so; nor refrain from an action because they know it to be injurious. Why then do they act or not act? For instance what can impel our bird to jump into the cage? What urges him to seek the food?

John.

He likes it.

Tutor.

But how does he know it will suit his taste? He has not considered that before?

John.

To be sure he has several times eaten the same kind of seed, and therefore knows its goodness.

Tutor.

But since we are convinced that he has no memory, it is as if he would eat of the seed for the first time. Farther, who teaches birds, ducklings and chickens, almost as soon hatched, that the seed thrown to them is good? For we see they eat of it when first presented.

John.

I cannot tell.

G 4

Tutor.

Tutor.

Then I will inform you. Providence, you see, has so formed the souls of brutes, that they are impelled to like and dislike, without knowing why. This blind inclination and aversion is called instinct. God has bestowed it on them instead of reason and free-will. It is then by instinct the bird flies to the food in the cage. By instinct, birds make their nests, hatch their eggs, and feed their young, till they can provide for themselves. By instinct, beavers build their habitations; and bees rob the flowers of the honey they deposite in their waxen cells. In short the actions of all animals, but man, flow from instinct, which is a natural propensity, or inward impulse, inseparable from their nature, governing them they know not how nor why. Is not this wonderful?

John.

Certainly.

George.

Has not man his instinct too?

Tutor.

We will examine that to-morrow.



DIALOGUE VII.

Yesterday you were desirous of knowing whether instinct was an attribute of our species?

George.

We were, Sir,

Tutor.

If we question this print, I flatter myself it will give a true answer.

Charles.

Mr. Print, are we possessed of instinct? The impertinent is dumb! (*laughing.*)

Tutor.

You say so, because you have not the wit to comprehend, that it answers without speaking. But you will understand that presently.—What does it represent?

Charles.

An infant at the mother's breast.

Tutor.

The little creature seems to desire something?

Charles.

Yes, the milk.

Tutor.

Yet I am inclined to think, that it does not
exactly

exactly know what, nor why it desires; in short that it has not an idea, how its lips draw the milk.

Charles.

I think so too. Babies are so stupid!

Tutor.

The infant then desires something, though ignorant why; and satisfies its desire without even knowing the means of doing so. Is not this the case?

George.

Hah! now it appears that it acts by instinct.

Tutor.

Right! let us suppose for a moment, that the breast, instead of milk, contained ink, or tincture of rhubarb. Would the infant, after having tasted either, continue sucking?

All.

No, certainly.

Tutor.

And why not?

Thomas.

Because rhubarb is bitter.

Tutor.

Whereas milk is sweet. He therefore desires

fires it, because it is agreeable ; and on the contrary would refuse rhubarb, because it would be disagreeable.

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

But how does the child understand the quality of milk ?

John.

By the taste.

Tutor.

That is by one of its senses ?

John.

Yes.

Tutor.

Such an effect produced by the senses, we have named a sensation. It is therefore instinct acting on an infant's soul which renders it fond of agreeable sensations ; while it experiences disagreeable ones unwillingly ?

John.

Yes.

Tutor.

This is usually called the sensitive faculty of the soul, or simply the sensitive soul.

George.

George.

And do those arrived at years of discretion retain this instinct?

Tutor.

We must examine that. I saw this morning ripe strawberries in the garden. Have you a mind, after our lecture, to gather some with me?

All.

With all our hearts!

Tutor.

And why do you wish to eat strawberries?

All.

They have a most charming flavour.

Tutor.

That is because they excite an agreeable sensation in the eating. But here is an excellent penknife, and so well set, that mercy on your nose and ears! Who will venture to try it?

All.

Not I! Not I! Not I! Not I!

Tutor.

Why not?

All.

It would hurt us.

Tutor.

That is it would give you a disagreeable sensation. What think you now? Has your soul a sensitive faculty?

James.

James.

Yes.

Tutor.

How so?

James.

It is fond of agreeable sensations; and feels disagreeable ones unwillingly.

George.

True; but we are yet very young.

Tutor.

Granted. Yet it is the same with myself and every body much older than you. No person has any aversion to the eating of strawberries; nor is fond of having the nose or ears cut. So that we must all, like you and the sucking infant, have the instinct of a sensitive soul. Now, Charles, has not the print resolved your question?

Charles.

Yes, with a mute answer.

Tutor.

Who will dictate to me its instructions? But stop, for each is again eager for the preference. Tell me immediately something you have done to day by the instinct of the sensitive soul. The first speaker shall dictate.

John.

John.

I bathed.

Tutor.

Was that done by the instinct we have mentioned.

John.

Certainly, Did I not do it, because the bath afforded me an agreeable sensation ?

Tutor.

Right ! Dictate.

John.

Our soul possesses instinct.

Tutor.

That is to say ?

John.

It is constrained to desire some things, and to dislike others, without very well knowing why.

Tutor.

But what is the instinct we have just learned to distinguish ?

John.

That of the sensitive soul.

Tutor.

In what does it consist ?

John.

In our being fond of agreeable sensations, and averse to those that give us pain.

Tutor.

Tutor.

Excellent!—But I see something else in the print. What is it?

Thomas.

Shocking! A man with a knife would cut the boy's neck.

Ferdinand.

Perhaps because he has a swelling there, which requires to be opened?

Charles.

That must give him great pain!

Tutor.

If so, why should the boy suffer the operation?

James.

He must certainly have been told, that nothing else can prevent his dying?

Tutor.

But would not death be preferable to such pain?

John.

Yes; yet one would fain live as long as possible.

Tutor.

Why so?

John.

I cannot tell.

Tutor.

Tutor.

May not that be another instinct providentially given to our souls?

John.

I should conclude so.

Tutor.

And you would not be mistaken : for the love of life is common to the species ; all would extend their being to the utmost limits.

John.

Yes ; for when one is sick, or in danger of dying, any thing is submitted to for self-preservation.

All.

Undoubtedly.

Tutor.

We all then have an innate desire of prolonging life ; and an equal abhorrence of whatever may occasion death. These we call the instinct or love of self-preservation.

Charles.

Here are two then?

Tutor.

Very well ! But why has Providence given us this other instinct?

John.

To lengthen our days.

(A little)

(A little boy of extraordinary courage, but too young to be admitted a party in the dialogue, being present when the instinct of self-preservation was the subject, the Tutor, wishing to give an instance of it, that he might not be quite neuter, said,—
 “Suppose, Frederick, a mad ox should try to toss you; what would you do?”—“Oh! we should be two,” he cried, “against all danger.”)

Tutor.

Providence therefore would not have us shorten our days with our own hands?

James.

No; or he would not have given us this instinct.

Tutor.

He must likewise be pleased to see us careful of our constitutions and studious to prolong our days. Do you recollect what you lately learned concerning the best means of preserving health?

George.

That we should be temperate in eating and drinking.

John.

Fond of labour.

H

Charles.

Charles.

Careful in every action not to injure ourselves.

George.

To avoid catching cold, and drinking when hot.

Tutor.

So then, sobriety, industry and prudence are pleasing to Heaven, Observe this maxim well, and recollect it in season. Now, Ferdinand, dictate.

Ferdinand.

The second instinct of our soul is self-preservation.

Tutor.

It disposes us — to what?

Ferdinand.

To extend life to its utmost date.

Tutor.

Good! (*He walks toward the window, and stopping short, as if something extraordinary appeared, cries out,*)

Ah! The elephant!

All. (Running to him.)

Where? Where?

Tutor.

What?

All.

All.

The elephant?

Tutor.

What elephant?

All.

We thought——

Tutor.

You were mistaken. I only wanted to know what was become of the print of an elephant that I had laid in the window to shew you.

All.

(Apparently dissatisfied and sitting down.)

Oh! that's a pity. We thought, that there had been a real elephant.

Tutor.

I am glad of it; for you have manifested a new and most valuable instinct.

John.

What is it?

Tutor.

Why were you so desirous of seeing the elephant?

John.

Because we had never seen one.

Tutor.

What then is particularly pleasing to see or hear?

hear? Of what, above all things, does the soul prefer the idea?

John.

Of a novelty.

Tutor.

The fact we have just learned, that it has the instinct of curiosity. And why has God given this?

George.

To extend our knowledge.

Tutor.

But why does it please him, that we should extend our knowledge?

George.

That we might become the more enlightened.

Tutor.

And the more enlightened we are, we improve in goodness; and the better we become, the happier. Therefore the instinct of curiosity is given, to render us the happier. Who will shew me in the print one well employed in the gratification of this instinct?

James.

He who uses the microscope.

Tutor.

DIALOGUE VIII.

101

Tutor.

Right! For if he did not desire to gain new knowledge; he would not take the trouble of placing on the object-glass the insect for examination. Thomas, you may dictate.

Thomas.

A third instinct is that of curiosity.

Tutor.

How does it act?

George.

It renders us fond of receiving a new idea.

Tutor.

Enough! At present.

DIALOGUE VIII.

Charles.

MUST not we fix yesterday's print by the side of the slate?

Tutor.

Yes; but first let us examine it a little more.

H 3

George,

George.

We can see nothing farther in it. I hoped we should have learned something new to day.

Tutor.

Your curiosity is a little too impetuous; but perhaps we shall find something to gratify it. Why does the mother look so tenderly at the sucking infant?

George.

Because she loves it.

Tutor.

And are all parents equally fond of their children?

George.

Yes.

Tutor.

But do not the childless love any body? You, for instance, who have not yet the honour to be a father, is there no person whom you love?

George.

Have I not father, mother, sister, and brother?

Tutor.

Suppose that you had not any of these?

Charles.

You, dear Sir, would still be left me.

Tutor.

Tutor.

And am I so much beloved by you?

(They all embrace him.)

But if your father, mother, nurse and I were to die, would there be nobody for you to love?

Charles.

The world would still have people.

Tutor.

Yet suppose you were situated, like our friend Robinson Crusoe, on an uninhabited island?

George.

I would follow his example, and tame a spider.

Charles.

And I would take a lama, and love it heartily.*

Ferdinand.

And I a paroquet.

Tutor.

You all then think, that, for our happiness, an object of love is necessary?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

And is this the opinion of every body?

* See the new Robinson Crusoe, by I. H. Campe.

John.

So I believe.

Tutor.

And I too. For all men with whom I have ever conversed, have appeared inclined to love and to be beloved. Even brutes seem to wish for the society of their fellow-brutes.

Charles.

Yes, birds, as pigeons,

Tutor.

Nor they alone. Fierce animals, as lions and tygers, seek for a companion of their own species, with whom to live in perfect harmony. It must therefore be by instinct that mankind, as well as the brute creation, are disposed to love one another?

All.

Yes,

Tutor.

This may then be called the instinct of love. What do we most desire, when we love any one?

John.

To be always in his company.

Tutor.

His presence gives us joy?

John.

John.

Yes.

Tutor.

But if the person beloved feels no pleasure in seeing us?

John.

We are unhappy.

Tutor.

Therefore love of others makes us rejoice in their company, and wish them to receive equal satisfaction in ours?

John.

Yes.

Tutor.

Our endeavour is to please them to the utmost. Thus your parents, and tutors, your deputed parents, labour to render you happy; and ardently wish you should be equally studious of their happiness, by acting well. Do not you feel something similar on my account?

All.

Yes, dear Sir.

Tutor.

This mutual love, so conducive to our happiness, must be agreeable to Providence, since it is an instinct so deeply implanted in all living

ing creatures. Had it been otherwise, he would have substituted hatred.

Charles.

Shocking!

Tutor.

Thank God! for the contrary. John, dictate.

John.

The fourth instinct of our soul, is that of love. That is—I am at a loss for expression.

Tutor.

Perhaps you would say, we all have an innate desire to love, and to be loved? Or that we wish for an acquaintance, in whose company to please, and be pleased?

John.

Yes.

Tutor.

But, my young moralists, whom do you love best?

All.

Our parents.

Tutor.

Does no one deserve your affection better?

All.

God.

Tutor.

Tutor.

Why so?

John.

Because our parents and all our enjoyments are his gift.

Tutor.

And why do you love your parents?

All.

Because they, next to Heaven, are our best benefactors.

Tutor.

Would it not be possible for you to hate them?

All.

Far be it!

Tutor.

But why do we love those, who love and do us good?

James.

It is God's appointment.

Tutor.

He has so formed our soul, that it cannot help loving a friend and benefactor? Thus we have discovered the instinct of gratitude?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

Tutor.

To illustrate this, here is a pleasing print. It represents, an amiable man and a grateful child. The latter, when scarce a year old, lost his parents, who had left him nothing for his education or maintenance. Some faint-hearted people, not reflecting on the goodness of Providence, said, he must die for want. This excellent man heard them, and though he had never known either of the parents, sent for the little orphan, and told him, he would henceforth be his father. He is now tall, and in his seventh year. This is the birth-day of the foster-father; on which account the adopted child, after retiring to his chamber, has prayed for added years to such an excellent parent. Then, arising, he pens a pretty letter of thanks to his benefactor. See how affectionately he kisses his hands, while he presents it! Tears seem to trickle down his cheeks.

Charles.

All from the instinct of gratitude!

Tutor.

Nor wonder! for brutes partake of it. Observe the little dog, how pleasingly he caresses his master! as if he would say, "how I love you, "my dear master, for all your goodness to me!" One must therefore be worse than the brutes,
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not to love one's benefactors, or to be capable of hating them.

George.

A base man who could do that !

Tutor.

I should think there cannot be such.

Charles.

And I too.

Tutor.

Who shall dictate?—The first reporter of an instance of gratitude, which he has either read, or heard related.

George.

I will give the traveller who drew little Frederick out of the water.—He was very thirsty and weary, when he perceived Frederick sitting at the garden-gate with a basket of fruit. “Dear child,” said he, “will you sell me some pears, to quench my thirst?” Frederick replied, “take as many as you please, and keep your money.” Next day Frederick diverted himself by reeling in a little boat near the bridge, with one of his companions. Suddenly the boat springs a leak, they cry out for help, as they are just sinking ; when the traveller, plunging into the water, seizes both by the hair. However he must perish himself, unless he gives up one. Which shall

shall it be? He recollects that Frederick had been his benefactor the evening before; and that therefore he should have the preference. He accordingly drops the other, and brings his little friend to shore.

Tutor.

Genuine gratitude! George, you are entitled to dictate.

George.

Our sixth instinct, is that of gratitude, or thankfulness; by which we cannot help loving our benefactors.

Tutor.

A very melancholy accident happened in town yesterday. A fine little boy, but six years old, had leaned out of a garret-window to examine a sparrow's nest, under the roof. When, suddenly losing his poise, he fell headlong at his mother's feet, who stood at the street-door. What a sight! She screamed, and fainted at his side. A croud gathered, when I happened to pass by, and rushed through it to lend my assistance. But I shudder at the recollection; the child's skull was fractured, and the blood and brains were spattered on the mother's cloaths. Close to the wife and son, knelt the wretched father, and a little girl, seven years old

old. More like corpses, than living persons, shrieking, they strove to recall the sufferers to life. I shall never forget the shocking scene.

(The children sigh and weep,—After a pause,)

Do you know the unfortunate family?

All.

No.

Tutor.

Yet, like me, and all who hear it, you are distressed for their misfortune. Well! I will tell you something to restore your cheerfulness.

I had passed Whitehall, when I met with a gentleman attended by his footman. A ragged child was sitting on Westminster-bridge, who by his pale and meagre appearance, it was plain had suffered much from hunger. Stretching his little arms toward us, he cried faintly, “ dear “ Gentlemen, bestow a trifle on my poor sick “ father, who is just perishing for want. Give “ me ever so little, for the love of God! The “ gentleman and I stopped in compassion to the “ child; who had the sweetness and innocence of “ an angel.

“ Who is your father?” said the stranger. “ My father,” replied the little boy, “ is so “ very good, could you see, you would love “ him.” “ But,” resumed the gentleman, “ why

“ why do you beg for him? Can’t he work?”
—“ Ah!” said the child, his cheeks flooded with tears, “ he would be glad to work; but is
“ unable, on account of a bullet lodged just a-
“ bove his knee; for the wound is so bad, that he
“ cannot even walk.” “ He has then been in the
“ wars?” said the stranger. “ Yes;” replied
the child, “ he was lieutenant in a company
“ of volunteers. On the proclamation of peace
“ he got into the hospital; but the number of pa-
“ tients being reduced, he has since been obliged
“ to shift for himself.” “ And what would he
“ do now?” rejoined the gentleman. “ He
“ would go very far indeed;” answered the
“ child, “ to Copenhagen, where he has a bro-
“ ther, a rich merchant. But in the mean time
“ he has fallen sick; and we are both dying with
“ hunger.” Here the gentleman turned pale,
“ and, trembling, cried, “ What is your father’s
“ name?”—“ William Selby.”—“ Heaven’s!”
said he, “ my brother!”—He embraced and wept
over the little boy, who was speechless with sur-
prise. “ Bring me quickly to him!”—The
lackey taking the child in his arms, they were
all three soon out of sight. I then wiped my
eyes, and thanked Heaven, for having ended the
miseries of the poor child and his parent.

(The

(The pupils seem much affected.—After a pause,)

Have you seen the child any where?

All.

No.

Tutor.

Yet you rejoice with me, that he has unexpectedly discovered his uncle?

All.

We are as glad, as if any body had given us a hundred guineas.

Tutor.

Consider now how your soul has been employed. First, it was distressed at the misfortune of the first child and his family. Next, it rejoices at the sudden happiness of the other and his father. Our being thus affected for others, is the instinct of sensibility, or the love of our fellow-creatures. God has graved it, as it were, on our souls; that we might live together as brethren, the children of the same father, mutually rendering each other every service in our power. Must not therefore God abound in love, since he has created us with this universal affection?

All.

Yes.

I

Tutor

Tutor.

Do not you perceive too, that we cannot please him without love to our neighbour? But the print of the benevolent man and the little boy, whom he reared as his own, is an excellent instance of sensibility. He sympathised with him in the loss of his parents; and was grieved to see him left destitute. Now he rejoices in the prospect of his becoming a good man, and consequently happy. He partakes with us therefore in sensibility.

Charles.

Dear Sir, may I dictate?

Tutor.

Yes; if you can directly quote an historical example of sensibility.

Charles.

Alexander the Great, seeing the corpse of his enemy, Darius, king of Persia, wept for his misfortunes.

Tutor.

Dictate.

Charles.

Our sixth instinct is that of sensibility; by which we rejoice with others joy, and are afflicted with others affliction.

Tutor.

Tutor.

Now to dinner; you will find, that we have another instinct.

John.

Yes; that of appetite; which belongs to the sensitive soul.

Tutor.

Very just! But I meant another still; we will speak of it presently.

DIALOGUE IX.

(At table the young gentlemen had expressed themselves unable to guess what the instinct, alluded to the day before, could possibly be. However, at last other subjects were adopted. When the tutor, taking his glass, dipped the top of his finger in water, and passing it round the edge of the glass, drew harmonic sounds from it. Immediately the next to him did the like; till every guest had made a similar trial. On which the tutor, smiling, gave the signal for silence, and said,)

Tutor.

What induced you all to join in this diversion?

I 2

John.

John.

I did not begin.

Ferdinand.

I only followed James.

James.

Charles sat me the example.

Charles.

I, Sir, copied you.

Tutor.

So each was guided by another?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

And that without any persuasion?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

Why so?

John.

Here is a curious discovery, that we should be impelled to imitate others!

Tutor.

Is this the first time you have experienced that? Need I now explain the instinct of which I promised to inform you?

John.

John.

I guess ! That of imitation.

Tutor.

You have it in common with all mankind.

George.

And with apes too.

Tutor.

Well observed ! This instinct is remarkable in children and apes. You see what gentlemen you have the honour to resemble.

Charles.

Now I could wish that we did not possess it !

Tutor.

An idle delicacy ! For, without this instinct, you would never excel an ape.

James.

How so ?

Tutor.

How do you daily improve ? Is it not by adopting the conduct of men of experience and understanding ?

James.

Yes.

Tutor.

That is by instinctive imitation.

James.

But why do not apes make an equal improvement?

Tutor.

Because though they readily imitate bodily motions, yet they cannot copy invisable things, as thoughts and sentiments; and this for want of reason.

Charles.

Are we then apes all our lives?

Tutor.

A fondness for imitation remains, when we are grown up; but in general is not very successful, except in youth. Arrived at maturity, we are governed, in imitation, entirely by its usefulness.

Ferdinand.

Shall I write this on the slate, Sir?

Tutor.

Yes; but at the same time take down the print.

John.

Is something to be learned from that still?

Tutor.

Let us examine.

Ferdinand.

Here are both. What is observable in the children who play the soldiers?

Tutor.

Tutor.

They do what they have seen done.

John.

That is, they imitate the military.

Tutor.

This print then is an instance of the instinct in question.

Ferdinand.

It is my turn to dictate, as I took down the print and the slate.

Tutor.

Well ! recite in order the seven instincts already named, and you shall be allowed your claim. John, stand behind, and hiss him, if he blunders.

Ferdinand.

Oh ! that will not be necessary.

(He repeats, correctly and in order, the definitions.)

Tutor.

Vastly well ! Dictate.

Ferdinand.

Our seventh instinct is that of imitation.

Tutor.

How does it incline us ?

Ferdinand.

To do what we see done by others.

John.

Shall we learn nothing more?

Tutor.

No; enough of study for to day. This fine afternoon, we'll make a little excursion for pleasure.

All.

Whither?

Tutor.

To Greenwich; to enjoy from the hill a view of the Thames.

All.

(Shouting and clapping their hands.)

To Greenwich! To Greenwich! To Mr. Furber's!

Tutor.

I am glad that you like the proposal. But be on your guard! Worldly joy is seldom without alloy.

(They are alarmed.)

As our boat will not hold more than eight, or at most ten passengers, an equal number must be housekeepers.

(A general consternation.)

Who shall they be?

(A profound silence.)

There is no alternative but drawing lots.—
The

The counters equal your number; let each draw one. White is of the party; black stays at home. The youngest shall begin, and the rest take their turns, till it comes to the eldest. Good! Good!

(They draw: the winners shout; the losers look dismally.)

There is no more. But how is this? John, in tears? Shame! Misfortunes not our fault, should be borne with fortitude.

John.

Well! yes.

(He wipes his eyes hastily, forcing a smile.)

Tutor.

Excellent! But how do the rest of you feel? Will your pleasure be complete, while these friends cannot partake of it?

All.

No.

Tutor.

Shall we defer our trip to Greenwich; and all go to Chelsea?

All.

By all means!

Tutor.

Prepare then. But has nothing new passed

in your souls? How were you affected, when I said, we would go to Greenwich?

George.

We rejoiced.

Tutor.

And you, to whom the lot fell to stay at home?

John.

We grieved.

Tutor.

And both in no inconsiderable degree? The blood seemed to circulate, and the heart beat quicker; and your attention was diverted by nothing beside?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

Such a condition of the soul is called an emotion; and, in a more general sense, a passion. You, who drew the white counters, felt the emotion or passion of joy; and the rest that of grief. *

Charles.

* Under the word passion, I comprise in general whatever renders the soul passive, every modification of it which must be attended with pain or pleasure.

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Charles.

Shall we make a memorandum of this, Sir, before we go?

Tutor.

While they get their hats, I will shew you a print; and then for the slate. It represents a sea-port, and a ship, from the West-Indies, just entering it. The husbands of the two ladies on shore, left them a year ago; and on the news of their return, the wives are eager to learn if they be in good health. How great her joy who perceives her better half on the quarter-deck of the vessel! See her arms extended toward him! She seems prevented from rushing into the sea, only by the gentleman at her side. Her husband is equally transported at viewing his affectionate spouse again. He has run to the stern of the ship; and is ready to spring from it, to meet her. But look at the other lady, who appears agitated in a very different manner. Alas! she also hoped, after such a long absence, to have beheld her husband safe and in health, and once more to have folded him in her arms: but what a thunder-bolt! The voice of a sailor from the deck informs her, that her beloved partner fell overboard in a storm, and was drowned. How she wrings her hands!

What

What looks of anguish and despair are cast toward heaven! She seems to supplicate the Omnipotent for support under her affliction. She is lost to every thing that passes around her. The gentleman by her side, to comfort her, exhausts his invention in vain. The passion of grief, in her soul, is excessive.

Charles.

Must not we stick up this print too?

Tutor.

First let us explain on the slate what it represents. John, dictate.

John.

We sometimes rejoice, or are grieved to such a degree, so violently desire or recoil at a thing, that the sight and thoughts are confined to it. The blood then is accelerated; and such dispositions of the soul, are called emotions, or, in a more general sense, passions. The two first instanced are those of joy and grief.

George.

Are there no others?

Tutor.

We will examine that to-morrow. Now for our sticks and hats, and away for Chelsea!

DIALOGUE X.

Tutor.

I HAVE news to tell you George, in which you are interested. A letter informs me, that your brother John will probably pay us a visit in a month's time.

George.

I am heartily glad of it!

Tutor.

But he is not here yet; we must wait that period before we see him.

George.

No matter!

Tutor.

You rejoice then at a thing that is still to happen?

George.

To be sure.

Tutor.

Well! Joy for a thing not present is called

led hope; but when excessive, like yours now, it may be termed the passion of hope.

George.

So we already know three passions, those of joy, grief, and hope.

Tutor. (continuing to read.)

You shall soon learn a third. Perhaps I have been too hasty, in giving you this hope; for, from the other page, a doubt arises, if it may be gratified. Your brother's health, though better, is but indifferent; and he will not visit you till he is perfectly recovered.

George.

I am sorry for that!

Tutor.

So your joy is already remote; and you are a very different being from that you were a moment ago? At first you rejoiced, and now you are sad? Yet why? Still your brother may come?

George.

But it is also possible, that he may not come.

Tutor.

You are sad then beforehand for a misfortune only possible, and yet to happen? Did I not tell you, you would soon be acquainted with a new passion?

John.

John.

What is it, Sir?

Tutor.

That sort of fear called apprehension. Fear, in a general sense, is an emotion occasioned by the prospect of an event more or less dismal. Apprehension is that species of fear arising from the uncertainty of the future, and an equal possibility of a good or bad issue. Such is the fear of George. But did the rest of you never experience this emotion?

Thomas.

Yes, I; especially when at home. I had heard so much of ghosts and I know not what, that whenever alone in the dark, I shuddered with fear.

Tutor.

That species of it is called dread. It arises from an opinion of another's ill-will, or wickedness. And when you was first put under my tuition?

Thomas.

I would not go to bed by myself; because my head was always filled with those phantoms. But you, Sir, let me know that this was folly. And I ventured out in the dark, despising the inventions

inventions of old women, to quiet noisy children.

Tutor.

You have then been thoroughly acquainted with the passion of dread?

Thomas.

Yes; and an ugly one it is!

Charles.

That I was sensible of, when the dog I had affronted the other day, attempted to bite my leg. I shrieked; till luckily assistance came, and drove him away.

Tutor.

You then felt, worse than dread, the emotion of terror; which is an excessive degree of dread occasioned by an event entirely unexpected; or merely by a lively and sudden idea of great peril or misfortune, which we believe threatens us. The dog leaped out unexpectedly on Charles; and a more dangerous emotion might have followed. For had the brute seized and bitten him, terror might have been changed into a condition, that perhaps may be called a stupor.

John.

What state is that?

Tutor.

Tutor.

The party is stupified; that is the action of the senses is, as it were, suspended, and self-consciousness lost.

Charles.

That has been my case too, when, through unluckiness, I have fallen into the New-river.

Tutor.

You was struck suddenly and violently with an idea of the depth of the water, and the probability of your drowning?

Charles.

I was all—I know not how—And wanted presence of mind to call out.

Tutor.

You apprehend me. Take care of yourself in future. But joy may also occasion a similar stupor. When it is extreme, sudden and unexpected, its effect is as violent as that of fright. The vital stream rushes back to the heart, the face turns pale, and frequently a swoon follows, or a blood vessel bursts.

John.

I shall be on my guard against joy then; since even that may be prejudicial.

Tutor.

The passions are all so, when excessive.

K

There-

Therefore, for our felicity, we should, by early moderation, prevent their tyranny.

Look at this new print, in which the emotions just mentioned are represented. The father of a family here lies in bed dangerously ill. He suffers great anguish, and feels the certain approach of death; yet appears contented, and even to smile, as is usual in pleasing circumstances. What can be the cause?

James.

He must have lived uprightly, and is therefore confident that death will render him happier than ever.

Tutor.

For this he forgets his anguish, and that he must soon leave his beloved family; while the bliss that awaits him in heaven engrosses his attention. So that his joy is occasioned, not by present, but future felicity.

John.

Consequently he experiences hope.

Tutor.

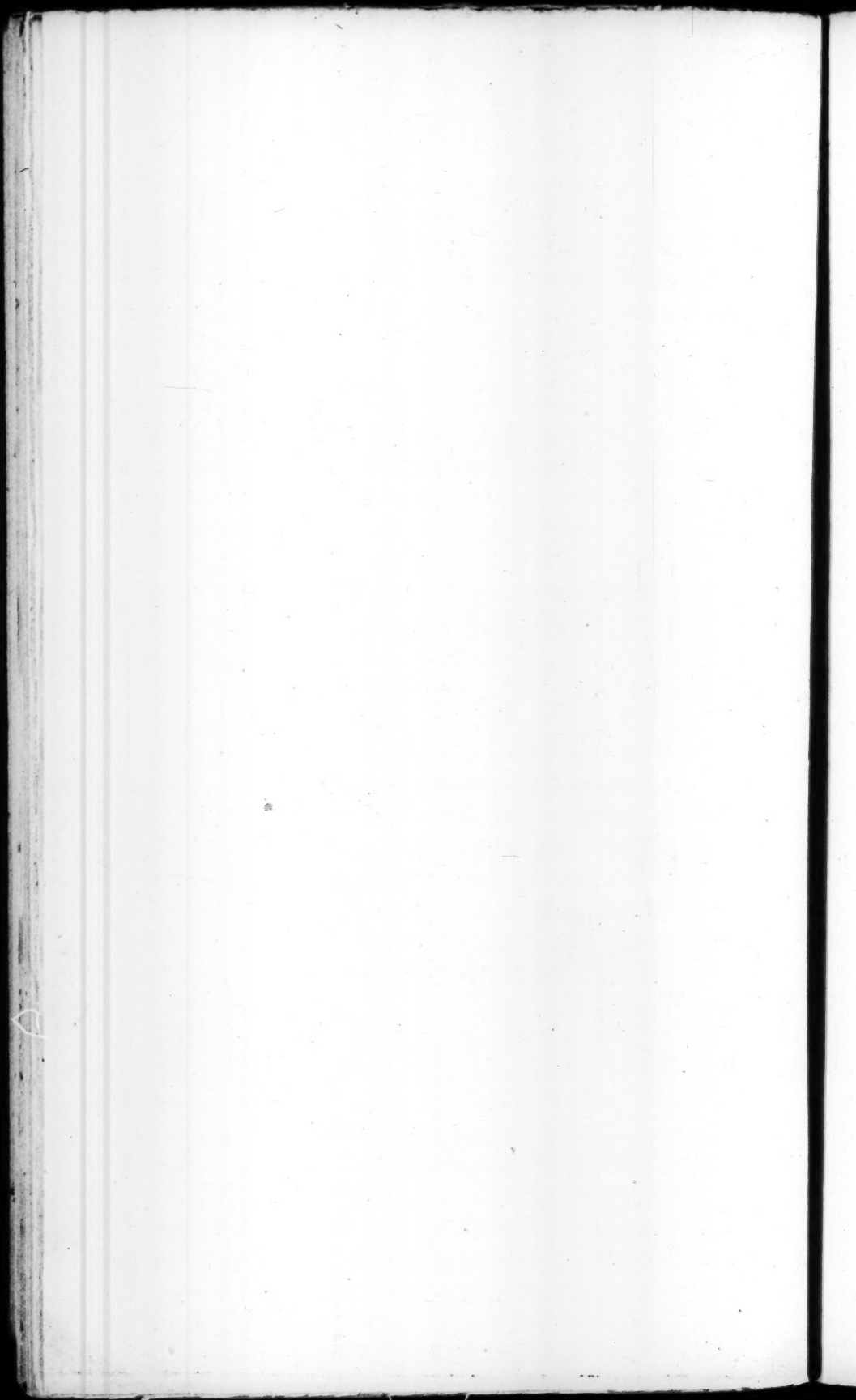
Right! While, sitting at the bed-side, his wife appears affected in an opposite manner to him.

Ferdinand.

Because he is likely to die.

Tutor.





Tutor.

Yet he is still alive, and might possibly recover. She therefore grieves in apprehension of a misfortune not arrived.

John.

Her passion then is that of fear?

Tutor.

Yes. But look on the side next the chimney.

Thomas.

Poor little girl! She is in flames!

Tutor.

Having imprudently stood too near the fire, it has caught her cloaths; and in all probability she will be burnt alive. Imagine the distress of her little brother, who runs about, seeing her in that shocking situation.

James.

He is frightened.

Tutor.

His emotion does not exactly answer to that word; it is a shock. Fright and shock differ in this, the former regards ourselves, and does not relate to a past danger or evil, though it may refer to a future danger or event: in a shock, on the contrary, the cause may be present, past or future. When present, it does not personally

nally regard us, but another ; if past, no matter whether it regards us, or not, shock, and not fright is always produced by the remembrance or relation of it. Let me see whether I have made myself understood. Charles, I see a house on fire, and the people endeavouring to escape from the flames. What emotion is caused in me by this sight ?

Charles.

Shock ; because the danger relates to others, not to yourself.

Tutor.

Very right ! George, starting up from my pillow, I find my bedchamber on fire. How am I affected ?

George.

With fright ; because the danger regards you personally.

Tutor.

Right too ! John, sometime afterward, I recollect this event, and it thrills my blood. Is this likewise fright ?

John.

No ; shock.

Tutor.

Yet the danger regards me personally ?

John.

Yes, but it is past ; and fright relates only to the present or future.

Tutor.

Tutor.

James, I learn a poor woman has just dropped down dead at my door. What do I feel from the news?

James.

Shock.

Tutor.

Why not fright?

James.

Because that relates not to the past; and the event regards not you personally.

Tutor.

Vastly well! Ferdinand, my father, wife, or only son is travelling, and I know that in two days hence they must cross a forest, where several murders have lately been committed. What do I feel from this reflection?

Ferdinand.

Shock.

Tutor.

I am the traveller, and must cross the forest to-morrow, What is my sensation?

Ferdinand.

Fright.

Tutor.

Why not shock?

Ferdinand.

Because the danger regards you personally.

Tutor.

Both these examples shew that shock, like fright, may refer to the future. What passion, Thomas, influences the little boy in the print?

Thomas.

Shock.

Tutor.

Yes.—But the little innocent?

Charles.

Oh! she is in a stupor.

Tutor.

Right! A stupor, it has been remarked, is the effect of violent fright taking such possession of the soul, that the use of its faculties is lost, and the action of the senses suspended. See the poor little girl, motionless and stupified, unable to speak, pale as death, and incapable of doing any thing for self-preservation. Pretty innocent! How I pity you! Yet am still more concerned for your unhappy parents, who must behold you burning, without the power to save you!—Suppose we commit to the state what we have just learned?—

—This

—This time each shall dictate in turn. Thomas, begin.

Thomas.

Hope rejoices at future good.

George.

Fear is in general occasioned by the sight, or thought of an event, more or less disheartening; and, it may be added, more or less difficult to prevent.

Charles.

Apprehension is that kind of fear arising from the uncertainty of what may happen; and an equal possibility of good or evil.

John.

Dread is a fear arising from a conception of the malignity or wickedness of an object.

Tutor.

Therefore it would be very wrong to talk of the dread of God; though there is great propriety in saying the fear of God. And why for?

John.

God is so good, he is void of ill-will.

Tutor.

Certainly. God is the supreme good. Yet
we

we should fear to offend him ; for as he is also supremely just, he must punish sin. Do you dread your parents ?

All.

No.

Tutor.

And why not ?

John.

We are persuaded, that they love us and only wish our good.

Tutor.

Yet you fear them. You fear to forfeit their affection, because you would be miserable in its loss : you fear their resentment, because you know that if you oblige them to punish, they will not spare you.

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

So that only the wicked are to be dreaded ; or those who by ill advice or bad example might bias us to evil.—But, Thomas, is the object of dread always present or real ?

Thomas.

No, it may exist only in imagination.

Tutor.

Tutor.

Your turn, James?

James.

Fright is a violent dread occasioned by an unexpected event; or the lively and sudden idea of great danger, impending over us, whether real or imaginary.

Tutor.

Vastly good! Ferdinand, dictate in what fright differs from shock?

Ferdinand.

Fright relates not to the past; it respects only the present or the future.

Tutor.

Right! But to speak more exactly, it regards the present or a futurity just at hand. For the emotion increases with the approaching danger, and diminishes, as that retires. Should a person of weak spirits be told he must die in a year's time, he would be much less affected than if his death were limited to a month. If you named a month, he would be less concerned, than if the catastrophe were to happen in twenty four hours; if twenty four hours, less than if in a quarter of an hour; but were it referred

red to the distance of fifteen years, the impression would be faint indeed, and could no longer be called fright. Go on, Ferdinand.

Ferdinand.

Shock, on the contrary, may respect the present, past, or future.

Tutor.

What if it relates to the present, or future?

Ferdinand.

Neither can regard ourselves personally, otherwise we should experience fright.

Tutor.

Is there nothing more to write?

James.

Yes. Stupor is caused by a violent fright, depriving the soul of the use of its faculties, and suspending the action of the senses.

John.

Are there no other species of fear?

Tutor.

Yes; but I am afraid, that to be more circumstantial, will prove tedious.

All.

No, Sir! No! We will be very attentive.

Tutor.

Tutor.

Well! then once more. Fright and shock are sometimes groundless, so that they appear, on reflection, the chimerical offspring of fancy; but, if justified by reason, fright becomes terror. Likewise shock, if the soul, by reviewing itself, justly dreads one day experiencing similar circumstances. Sometimes fright and shock are accompanied with horror. If the fright be groundless, and vanishes on reflection, it is called a Panic-terror.

Charles.

That is an odd word.

Tutor.

It is an allusion to Pan; the god of shepherds and huntsmen, who presided over rural sports in general. The term is derived from his fondness to frighten the shepherds. Now for examples.

If the dying man in the print had not always lived like a good Christian, but had unfortunately spent his days in wickedness; what emotion, Charles, must the approach of death have excited in his soul?

Charles.

Charles.

Terror.

Tutor.

Doubtless. For reflection must have fanc-
tioned his fright arising from the first idea of
God's justice. And what George, must the
witnesses of his exit have felt?

George.

Also terror.

Tutor.

Yes. For their shock, occasioned by the
idea of the man appearing laden with his crimes
at the tribunal of God, must have been in-
creased by reflection that their souls, in pro-
portion to their iniquities, had a right to appre-
hend the being one day in a similar situation.
Thus too shock at a criminal's punishment,
becomes terror in the wicked, by reflection on
the frightful state to which they are exposed
by their guilt. Thus punishments are said to
be exemplary, and meant to inspire terror.
What emotion, Charles, seizes the little boy in
the print, while he runs about his sister? I have
said, he felt a shock; but may not that be
changed into terror?

Charles.

Charles.

Sir, I cannot determine.

Tutor.

Do you think it natural that, at such a sight, he should be attentive merely to his own safety?

Charles.

No.

Tutor.

Therefore his shock is not changed into terror. It is more probable, that one of a tender mind like him, should be reduced to, what I will venture to call, a state of stupefaction.

James.

Stupor then expresses the condition of the little girl; and stupefaction that of her brother?

Tutor.

Exactly! Stupor accordingly will denote a primary cause acting on ourselves; and stupefaction the influence of one acting on another. The first will mark that suspension of the faculties by which, far from being capable of reflection, we lose all self-consciousness; and the second that state, when the soul is so struck by an unexpected object, as to be oppressed by it, and rendered wholly irresolute; the constant result of violent shock. The little boy seems to
run

run about, not knowing what he does, and without presence of mind to call for assistance. Charles, do you recollect the cruel lad, who held the poor canary bird by the legs, and would have torn the pretty warbler in pieces?

Charles.

Yes, Sir; I looked another way, and cried out.

Tutor.

An exclamation of horror; which is a violent emotion occasioned by the sight or idea of something so shocking, that we shudder to see or hear it. Or rather, it arises from something so enormous and atrocious as to be almost incredible. Thus the difference between the expressions, the terror of death and the terror of punishment, and the horror of death and the horror of punishment, consists in the two former referring to the effects produced by the general and common idea of separation of soul and body, and the wretched end of a criminal; and the latter relating to a particular death and punishment, attended with extraordinary circumstances. Here it will not be improper to observe that most of the foregoing terms are
hyperbo-

hyperbolically abused in daily conversation. A disagreeable person is said to be horrible; a noisy child makes a confounded squall. But avoid such extravagances, as they are unbecoming well-bred people, and may prejudice them to infer the depravity of your heart, or your imagination.

James.

The word confounded puts me in mind, Sir, of confusion, which you have not yet explained.

Tutor.

I might speak of alarm, confusion, and consternation. But you must certainly be tired?

James.

No, conclude the subject to day, if you please, Sir.

Tutor.

I will then briefly. Alarm, confusion, and consternation relate particularly to a sudden rumour, the circumstances or consequences of which excite the greatest anxiety. Alarm, though attended with agitation and trouble, supposes the prospect of some resources and an eagerness to embrace them. Confusion has no such prospects, or will not permit the having recourse to them, or totally abandons them.

Or, to be more exact, the confused sees no resource but flight.

To form a just idea of consternation, recollect that anecdote in the Grecian history, when a great general having obliged the Athenians, who had been basely ungrateful to him, to open their gates, made them assemble in the theatre, which he had encompassed with soldiers. They all expected to be killed without mercy; but he, after reproaching them with their guilt, suddenly pronounced their pardon and dismissed them.

George.

Dear Sir, may not I finish?

Tutor.

You are welcome.

George.

They were starving, having consumed their provisions; when he ordered corn to be carried to their houses, while they were in the theatre.

Tutor.

What was the name of this extraordinary benefactor?

James.

Demetrius Poliorcetes, or the taker of towns.

Tutor.

Tutor.

Now, who will define consternation?

John.

This is odd enough! I seem to understand, yet cannot describe it.

Tutor.

Then I will. It is a thorough dejection of the soul, reduced to resign itself to the chance of the event. What has been mentioned, since we left off writing?

James.

Terror, panic terror, stupefaction, horror, alarm, confusion, and consternation.

Tutor.

As it grows late, I will sum up the whole myself. Terror is an excessive fright, justified and increased by reflection; or it proceeds from a shock, by which, on a review of ourselves, we naturally fear being one day in a similar situation. Panic terror denotes a groundless fright, that soon vanishes. Horror is a violent emotion caused by the sight or thought of an astonishing enormity. Alarm marks the trouble of mind produced by a sudden rumour, and impels us to the resources in view. Con-

L

fusion

fusion fees no resource but flight. Consternation is a total dejection of soul, which knows no alternative but resignation.

I have endeavoured to fix the precise ideas connected with the foregoing terms: though custom has violated this precision, and they are commonly much perverted; their acceptance being limited by the caprice of the speaker.

DIALOGUE XI.

Tutor.

I HAVE already mentioned the different instincts implanted in our nature. One of them consists in the desire we all feel to fix on somebody whose company may delight us, and who in return may be happy in ours. Do you recollect this?

All.

The instinct of personal attachment, or of the heart.

Tutor.

And are we indifferent to the absence of the beloved party?

John.

John.

On the contrary we are glad, if he continues with us.

Tutor.

It is our desire to be daily nearer, or, in other terms, to be more intimately attached to him? For instance, while I am talking, you all draw as closely as possible to me; each presses against the other. And why so, but because you love me? And when a brother or a friend comes to see you, is not the strife, who shall be the nearest to him? Do you not advance to give him your hand, to sit, or walk beside, to speak to, or embrace him?

All.

Yes.

Tutor.

But may not this desire increase to such a degree as justly to be called a passion? For example, should you be suddenly told, that your parents asked for you below, and I should, notwithstanding, continue my discourse, would you pay it the attention you do at present?

James.

Certainly not. Because we should be eager to embrace them.

L 2

Tutor.

Tutor.

So that you would experience ——— what passion?

John.

That of personal attachment, or of the heart; which is an increasing desire of a nearer intimacy with another.

Tutor.

And when we love a person, is it indifferent to us, whether he be happy or miserable?

George.

That cannot be!

Tutor.

For what do we wish then?

George.

All prosperity to him.

Tutor.

So that the passion of the heart is something more than the desire of nearer intimacy with, and attachment to its object?

John.

Yes, a zeal that every rational wish of the beloved person may be gratified.

Tutor.

Tutor.

What is our sentiment then, when we love a friend most heartily, if by accident either removes from the other? As when you were first obliged to leave your home, father, mother, brothers, sisters, how were you affected at coming hither?

Charles.

We were much distressed, on account of this separation.

Tutor.

And might not your affliction be called a passion?

George.

Yes; for I wept all the evening.

Tutor.

This passion, which always accompanies personal attachment, is called the torment of absence.

Here is a print that will illustrate both. The lady on the left hand, has just heard that her son is shipwrecked, on his passage to England; but whether he is drowned, or saved is uncertain. Guess the distressed situation of his poor mother. "O my son!" she repeats, "why

“ did I suffer you to leave me ? Ah ! could I
“ once more press you in my arms ! ” This is
her incessant lamentation, weeping, wringing
her hands, and refusing comfort,

Charles.

And is there proof at last, that her son is actually drowned ?

Tutor.

The print will tell you. His desponding sister had retired to the garden, to indulge her grief and pour out her prayers to Heaven, when suddenly appears—whom do you think ?—her lamented brother. See each fly into the other’s arms ! They seem glued together, and liable to be smothered with their caresses. I wish we had been spectators of such an interesting scene !

George.

And how came he in the garden ?

Tutor.

The ship had been wrecked near the Dutch coast ; where, seizing a plank, he gained the shore. As he was apprehensive that the report of his misfortune would too soon reach the ears of his mother, he flew with all possible speed to remove every uneasiness on his account from
the

the minds of his family. He has but just entered the vista, impatient to revive his friends by his sudden appearance. What passions at this moment take possession of the brother and sister?

James.

Personal attachment and joy.

Tutor.

We have already examined a print that illustrates the latter. But what passion agitates the mother, who as yet is ignorant of her son's arrival?

George.

The torment of absence.—Pray, Sir, what mean the other two figures?

Tutor.

That on the right is a friend of the wretched parent, who came to comfort, but sympathizes so deeply with her, that she stands in equal need of consolation.

George.

Why so?

Tutor.

I have told you, on account of her friend's misfortune. She would be glad to alleviate it; but is unable.

L 4

John.

John.

I suppose then, that she experiences a passion?

Tutor.

A very noble one, compassion. It consists in sharing the calamities of a friend, and in mingling our grief with the sorrows of another.

John.

And who is the man next the trees?

Tutor.

The gardener, who is likewise peculiarly affected. Having heard that his young master was lost at sea, he never expected to meet him again; and is so struck at his sudden appearance, as to be almost beside himself.

James.

What passion takes such absolute possession of him?

John.

That is as clear as noon; surprise.

Tutor.

But can you define that?

John.

It is ——— Dear Sir, this is like many other
of

of your questions ! I seem to apprehend the subject, yet cannot explain it.

Tutor.

I will endeavour then, if you will be attentive. Surprise is an emotion of the soul struck with something agreeable or disagreeable, coming unawares or contrary to expectation. Surprise renders us curious to know how an extraordinary thing happens, or why something does not happen in a natural train. It differs from astonishment, as this rarely arises but from something disagreeable. Astonishment is likewise a much more powerful emotion, and renders us inquisitive to know, not by what means, or why a thing happens or does not happen ; but how it is possible it should, though we see no reason to doubt the fact. In short surprise is concerned for the means or reason ; astonishment for the possibility. I am told, John, that I have lost a law-suit, which I was confident of gaining ; on hearing the disagreeable news, I cannot help exclaiming, “ Is it possible ! ” What is this emotion ?

John.

Astonishment.

Tutor.

Tutor.

Upon enquiry how it happened, I find that Mess. White and Green, to whom I had given full instructions, did not appear at the trial; and I exclaim, “ Why so ! How did that happen ! ” What is this emotion ?

John.

Surprise.

Tutor.

James, my son has been absent three years. It was his never-failing custom to let me hear from him once a week ; but I have lately written three letters to him, without receiving an answer. “ Why has he neglected me ! ” Is this surprise, or astonishment ?

James.

Surprise.

Tutor.

A friend calls on me, just arrived from the place where I thought my son resident. I ask him, “ Have you seen my son ? ” He replies, “ No ; I could not gain the least information of him ” “ Can that be ! ” I answer. Is this astonishment, or surprise ?

James.

Astonishment.

Tutor.

Tutor.

It is surprise and astonishment united. My friend's answer surprises me, because I cannot see a reason for the removal asserted; it astonishes me, because I neither can see the possibility of the fact, nor the possibility of doubting it.

Two things therefore distinguish surprise from astonishment, though they have this in common, that they both spring from an unexpected cause, or one quite opposite to our expectation; yet surprise and astonishment frequently meet together. The soul, in this case, is doubly alarmed, one shock following the other, or even striking it at once.

Ferdinand.

Dear Sir, will you have the goodness by another example, to try whether I have comprehended you?

Tutor.

A hand-bill is distributed, which informs you that a girl is just arrived in town, who, though without hands or arms, readily writes any thing you please, with a common pen, cut excellently well by herself. You
imme-

immediately exclaim, "Impossible!" Is this surprise, or astonishment?

Ferdinand.

Astonishment.

Tutor.

You are told, she uses her feet like hands?

Ferdinand.

I am still astonished, for I see no possibility of it.

Tutor.

You go to the booth, and witness the fact with your eyes?

Ferdinand.

I am surprised at the manner of the girl's using her feet, which I did not in the least expect; and astonished at her dexterity in performing things, I thought impossible.

George.

My turn now, dear Sir, if you please?

Tutor.

Another time. I have mentioned these subjects to exercise your reason; but, as they are rather difficult, perhaps you will not remember them;

them, no more than the greatest part of those introduced in our last conversation ; however if you do but retain a faint idea of these remarks, I shall be satisfied.

George.

I do not find the present more difficult, Sir, than any preceding information ; especially after your examples, which are my delight.

Tutor.

I am glad of that ! But nothing more can be learned from the print. Shall I dictate ?

George.

I have been idle so long !

Tutor.

He who recollects in history a good example of any passion just explained, shall dictate its definition.

John.

I have one, of personal attachment.—When Dionysius, the tyrant, reigned in Syracuse, there were two friends, the one Damon, the other Pythias. Dionysius, intending to put the former to death, had imprisoned him. The unfortunate wishing to bid a last adieu to his relations

tions and friends, desired permission once more to visit his native country. "I consent," said the tyrant, "on condition that some person will take your place in prison, and die in your stead, if you fail to return at the time appointed." Pythias immediately presented himself for imprisonment, and Damon departed. The fatal day arrived; no friend appeared, or could be heard of. The tyrant therefore ordered Pythias for execution. The intrepid friend advanced in triumph to die for his Damon; when sudden shouts were heard, and a man pressed toward the solemn scene through the multitude. It was Damon. Already he is in the arms of Pythias, and begs him to forgive the delay; yet it was impossible to have returned sooner. But Pythias, who could have wished him to have staid in his own country, is grieved at his reappearance. In the mean time the tyrant, struck with admiration of two men, whose sentiments were so exalted, spared both their lives, desiring, as a favour, to be received the third in their friendship.

Tutor.

I am the more obliged to you, John, for
this



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this beautiful anecdote, not only because it presents an excellent instance of the passion in question, but likewise pertinent illustrations of others mentioned before. It even reminds me of one I had forgotten, admiration. This emotion, caused by something marvellous or extraordinary, is the associate of agreeable surprise; for admiration ever relates to what is pleasing: though the verb, *to* admire, is also taken in an ill sense. Admiration too, you perceive, is opposite to horror. But to our anecdote. Dionysius and his train must certainly have been inspired with admiration.

James.

They must likewise have felt compassion, before the arrival of Damon, for poor Pythias, who, notwithstanding his innocence, would have suffered death.

Tutor.

It may also be asserted, that the selfish must have been astonished at viewing what they thought impossible, the chearfulness of Pythias going to execution, and his disappointment at his friend's appearance. As to the ungrateful, they must have been extremely surprised at a
fight

sight they did not expect, or rather which was opposite to their expectation, when the general shout announced the return of Damon.

George.

Dear Sir, permit me to instance the torment of absence?——When Artemisia had lost her husband Mausolus she was inconsolable. She not only raised a magnificent sepulchre to his honour, since called a Mausoleum, but, after the corpse of her beloved husband had been burned, daily diluted a part of his ashes with her drink.

Tutor.

She certainly suffered the torment of absence, or rather of separation. John, dictate what is personal attachment; Ferdinand, define surprise; Charles, astonishment. James shall describe compassion; George, the torment of absence.

John.

Personal attachment is the desire of becoming daily more intimate with the party esteemed, added to that of seeing him happier.

Ferdinand.

Ferdinand.

Surprise proceeds from something agreeable, or disagreeable, not expected, or contrary to expectation. It is concerned for the means, or the cause; that is, the manner in which a thing is done, or the reason why it is, or is not done.

Charles.

Astonishment is more powerful than surprise, differing from that, as it chiefly arises from a disagreeable cause, and is particularly concerned for the possibility of the thing.

James.

Admiration, the opposite to horror, is excited only by what is pleasing, and its cause partakes of the marvellous or extraordinary.

George.

The torment of absence is occasioned by the removal or separation of the beloved object.

Thomas.

Compassion grieves for the misfortune of another.

Tutor.

Your definitions are swift as lightning; I have hardly been able to follow you. Now let us take a turn in the garden.

DIALOGUE XII.

Ferdinand.

DEAR Sir, I would beg to know why you appear so sad to day?

Tutor.

Must not we be sad, when obliged to speak unfavourably of our brethren?

Thomas.

Have you also brethren, Sir?

Tutor.

As many as fishes in the sea.—Are not all men brethren, as the children of a common parent, and the care of one Creator and Preserver? Is it not therefore grievous to see any of them lost in error and rushing to destruction?

John.

What may have occasioned this reflection, Sir?

Tutor.

Nothing new truly; for the evil complained
of

of is the more intolerable, because it is almost as old as the creation, and, in every age, has been too triumphant. To tell you a melancholy truth, some of our brethren have terrible distempers.

James.

That is not so deplorable a matter ; they will either recover, or die.

Tutor.

Recovery from the disorder in question is very unlikely. It does not terminate with death ; but, if not cured before decease, continues for ever.

George.

That must be a tremendous distemper indeed !

Tutor.

Not to hold you in suspense—I do not speak of bodily disorders, but of, far worse ! the diseases of the soul.

Charles.

Is that subject to malady ?

Tutor.

Most unfortunately numberless souls are dangerously ill. I will explain this ; but tell

me, when does the body enjoy health?

James.

When we are free from pain, and it can perform all its functions.

Tutor.

And when do we say, that it is not well?

James.

When we suffer pain, and the bodily functions are interrupted.

Tutor.

If something similar happens to the soul, if it is restless or in anguish, no longer in a condition to think justly, or to act properly, is it sick, or in health?

All.

Sick.

Tutor.

Right! And it is my design to describe some of its disorders, that you may preserve yourselves from their contagion. The first I shall mention is a very ugly one, called hatred. It is indeed a disgrace to our species, that any individual should be affected with so base a distemper. May you never know its symptoms experimentally! It consists in wishing to the
hated

hated party all possible evil, and in rejoicing at every misfortune he suffers.

All.

That is truly shocking!

Tutor.

Do you think he who entertains such dispositions for another, can taste content; or fancy that God, who is charity itself, can be pleased with him?

James.

Impossible!

Tutor.

Or can he enjoy true, lasting felicity?

John.

No. Happiness is inseparable from self-satisfaction, and the consciousness that we have the approbation of the Deity.

Tutor.

A just sentiment! Therefore the bosom that harbours hatred, cannot enjoy felicity. Dissatisfied with the person hated, dissatisfied with itself, the mind revolves only horrid ideas, which incessantly rack and prevent it from conceiving, saying, or doing any thing good. Such a soul may well be called distempered.

But as he, whose body is afflicted, commonly endures more than one complaint, the head-ach, for instance, with perhaps a pain in the side, or an oppression at the stomach; so a disorder of the soul is generally attended with a train of others equally hideous. One of them I cannot name without horror, envy.

Charles.

That was the distemper of Joseph's brethren?

Tutor.

Even so. Jealous of Jacob's partiality for him, and miserable on account of their brother's welfare, they grudged the coat of many colours given him by the good patriarch; all obvious symptoms of envy. They were likewise infected with hatred, for they wished every possible evil to their innocent brother, and were ready to exult at any calamity that might happen to him.

John.

Were they then strangers to the goodness of Providence?

Tutor.

Tutor.

You may well ask that question. Indeed it is astonishing how any who have the least knowledge of the Deity, should entertain such detestable sentiments. Yet that was the case with those unnatural brethren. So pious a man as Jacob, it may be presumed, could not have been wanting early to inform his children of the true God: though it seems that they had not been duly attentive to him; or failing to reflect on his paternal instruction, it escaped their recollection. A shocking instance of the depravity incident to children who give their minds to levity, and heedlessly trifle during the exhortations or lessons of their friends and teachers! Let so terrible an example be deeply impressed on your minds; and tremble at this truth, that virtuous parents may have rebellious children, whose conduct in life is an insult to the counsels of their best benefactors.

George.

Are there any more such vile disorders?

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Tutor.

Tutor.

Unfortunately yes! There is one that overtops them all, a tyrant indeed, anger.

(George shudders.)

You shudder at the name, and so do I. Think, dear boys, what a hideous passion this must be, which is urged by an impetuous desire to destroy any one who stands in the way.

John.

The features of it are familiar in history; when Alexander in a rage killed his bosom friend, Clitus.

Charles.

And long before that, when Cain slew Abel, his brother.

Tutor.

Since you recollect such striking examples, I need not expatiate on the fatal effects of anger. An enraged man has no more discretion than a mad bull; and should be confined with the insane, to prevent mischief. But as wrath is an unforeseen hostility, it commonly injures before justice can notice it; and then she can only punish the rash offender by way of example.

Ferdinand.

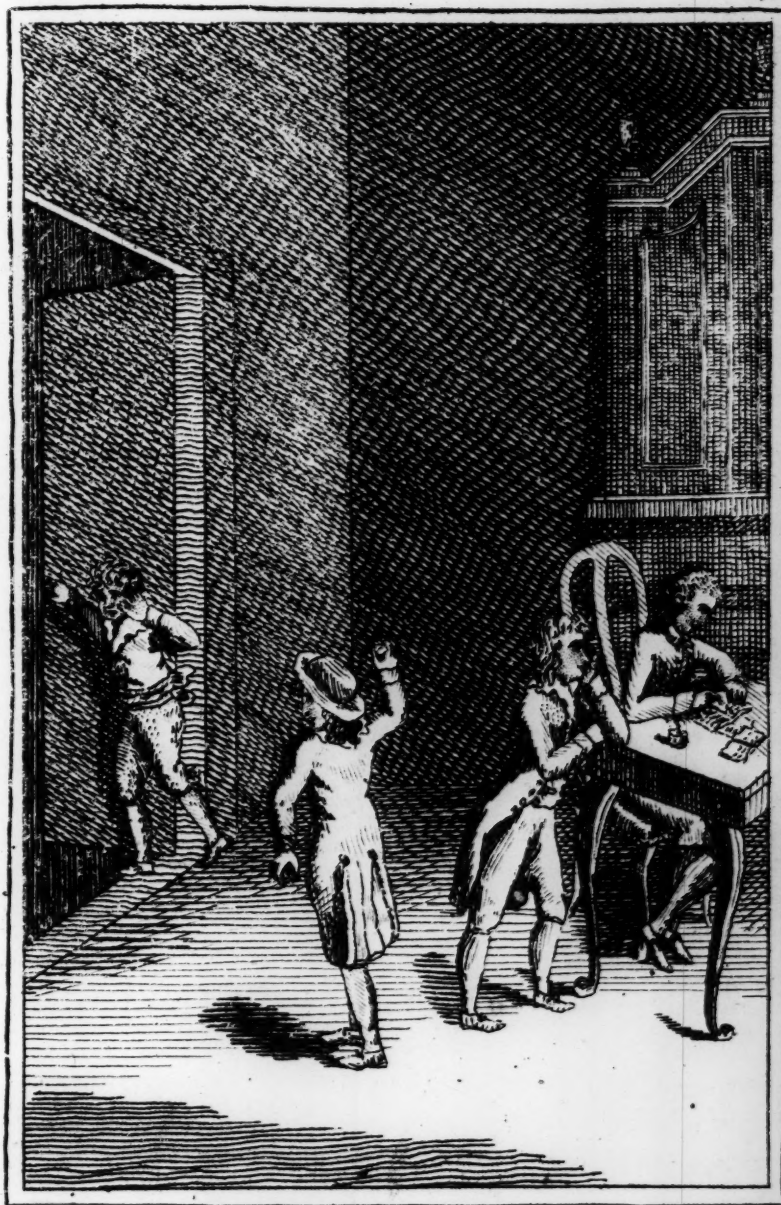
Ferdinand.

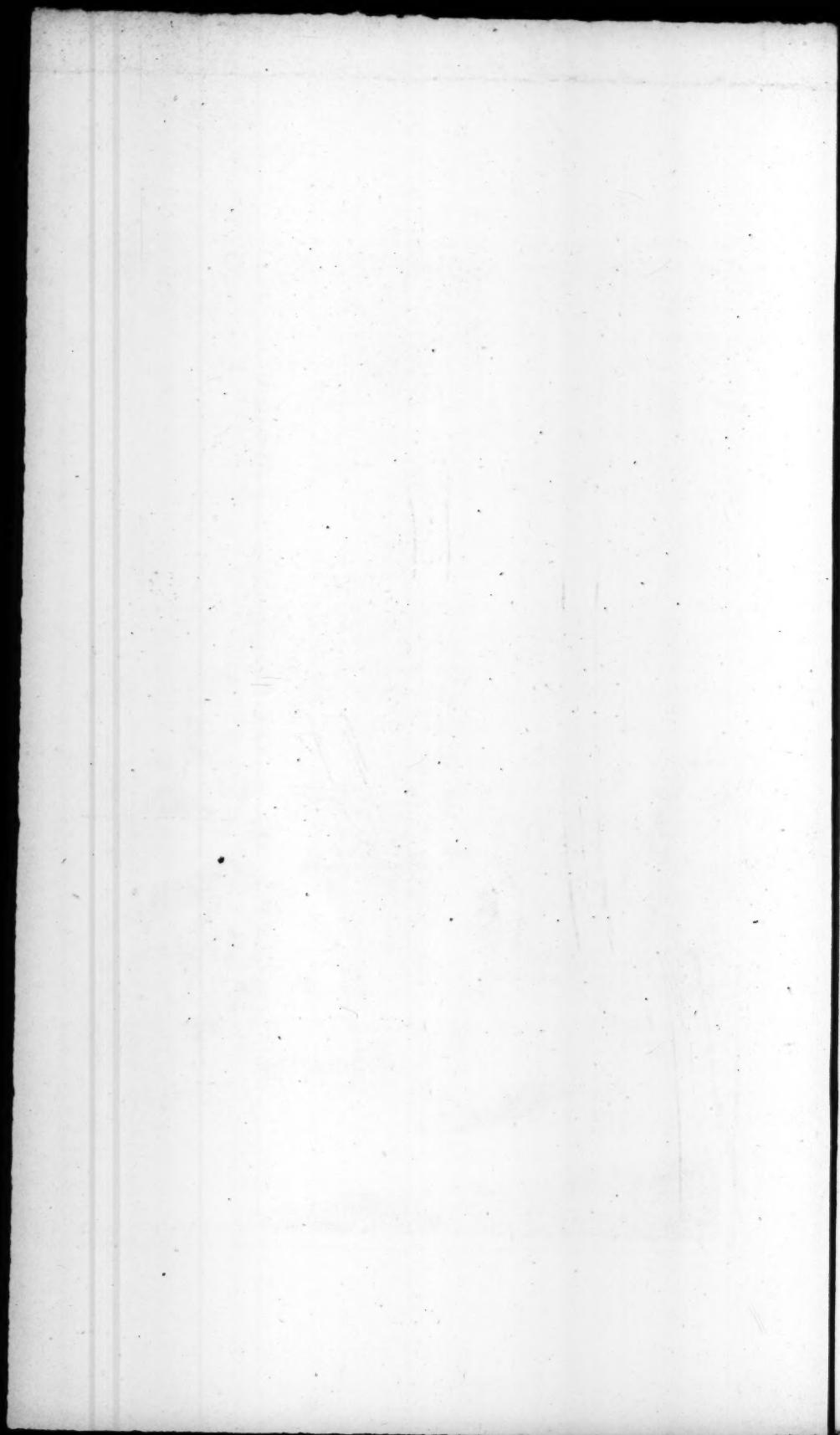
Yet if the understanding is deranged, are such miserable beings to be censured?

Tutor.

Their punishment would be unjust, if they were not guilty; but, alas! they are too much so. The source of their misconduct may generally be traced to infancy. Some people indiscreetly allow their children to act as they please; their most extravagant wishes must be indulged; away with whatever they disapprove! Thus spoiled, the favourites grow humourful; every thing must fall out to their liking; and not a moment's disquiet be endured. They become intolerable; now this, now that is wrong; nothing suits their caprice. Hence endless quarrels, clamours, and tears. When master and miss grow taller and stronger, they begin to tyrannize over their play-fellows; this at last is enforced by pushing, beating, and throwing at them what comes to hand. How horrid for sensible people, who cannot help reprimanding the little furies, to witness such outrage! Would they but listen to reproof, use some effort, and heartily pray for amendment,

ment, it could not be in vain. At so early a period, the soul, susceptible of every virtue, may easily throw off bad habits; but woe to him who is dilatory! for the older we grow, they are resigned with the greater difficulty. Many live to be melancholy instances of this truth; and, having neglected the season for reformation, remain incorrigible. Their petulance grows daily more headstrong, till beneath its unconquerable madness, their brothers and friends fall victims to these rivals of Cain and Alexander. Heaven preserve your minds from violence or ungentleness to any fellow-creature! This print exhibits two shocking examples of the characters in question. Here you see a boy amiable and diligent; whose dearest delight is intellectual and moral improvement. Studious, complaisant to his school-fellows, neat and orderly, respectful to his masters, and dutiful to his parents, what wonder that he is beloved by every body? While that at his side, is idle, slovenly, refractory, and consequently odious to every one. Yet, fancying himself entitled to the like welcome with his companion, because his presumption is disappointed, he





he hates and basely envies him. How disfigured his countenance ! How mortified he is by the application of the former, and the praises that naturally follow !—Let us look at the ugly rebel no more !

Charles.

Perhaps there are not such worthless boys in fact ; it may be only Mr. Goldar, the engraver's invention ?

Tutor.

I could almost think so myself ; or would fain believe that, like other monsters, they are uncommon. But we will examine the rest of the figures.

Charles.

Ah ! here is something equally disgusting.

Tutor.

Would to Heaven that this were a child of the imagination ! Observe the little sprite beside himself with choler. He fancies that he is injured by the other lad ; and, his blood boiling with vengeance, he flings a stone, without caring whether it may wound or kill him. Unhappy boy ! what will be your fate, if you do not betimes discover your malady, and study its cure ? Neither God nor man can esteem such a
crimi-

Tutor.

criminal; but must, by severe punishment, bring you to self-examination and correction. To the antipodes with that hideous aspect!

John.

Shall our state receive these deformed passions?

Tutor.

Yes; to remind us, that the soul is liable to very dangerous maladies; against which we should be on our guard. Dictate.

John.

Hatred consists in the wishing ill to any one, and in rejoicing when it befalls him. Envy is dejected at another's prosperity. Anger is a violent emotion that urges us to strike the offending party.

Tutor.

Come, we'll take a walk, and endeavour to forget in good company, that there are any so deplorable, as to be rendered by their brutal passions, unworthy the appellation of men!

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DIALOGUE XIII.

Tutor.

UNfortunately the distempers mentioned yesterday are not the only ones that infest the soul; yet I would not resume so disagreeable a subject, but to benefit you, that you may cautiously avoid the infection, from a thorough knowledge of its malignancy. I shall however be as concise as possible. Examine this print, and you will discover the disorder of the man here represented.

Thomas.

He is digging the ground!

Charles.

What can he have got in the box that stands by him?

Tutor.

It is full of gold, which he wishes to bury.

Charles.

Why so!

Tutor.

Because he does not like to make a good use
of

of it ; and preposterously fears it should be taken from him.

John.

I guess his passion, avarice.

Tutor.

Yes, you see a miser. But how did you know him ?

John.

By his fondness for money.

Tutor.

He has so violent a desire of hoarding, as to be troubled with an insatiable thirst for riches. Yet is it not allowable carefully to gather, and honestly to preserve wealth ? I think economists act so, and certainly their disposition is not a vice ?

John.

No ; but one should not be greedy of money.

Tutor.

So the miser is devoured with the love of gold ; the economist desires it in moderation ?
—— Yet there is a more striking distinction between them. Does the miser covet riches for his own, or neighbour's benefit ?

John.

John.

Certainly not, since he wishes to bury them.

Tutor.

It is then with a view to keep, without putting them to the least use.—And why does the economist desire money?

James.

To apply it to his own and others advantage.

Tutor.

See an example of this in the miser's wife. She endeavours to accumulate wealth by toil and parsimony — to what purpose? To bury it? No, the print shews how she would employ her superfluities — to relieve the poor.

John.

Excellent woman! What pity that she is married to a miser!

Tutor.

Give me a proper definition of avarice, and I will commit it to the slate.

John.

Avarice is an anxious desire to heap riches; not for good purposes, but barely to make them our own.

Tutor.

Tutor.

Very just!—Tell me, my young friends, what this new print represents?

All.

A fine gentleman bestowing charity.

Thomas.

But why that stiff air, and look so vigilant?

Charles.

And why does he lift his hand so high?

Tutor.

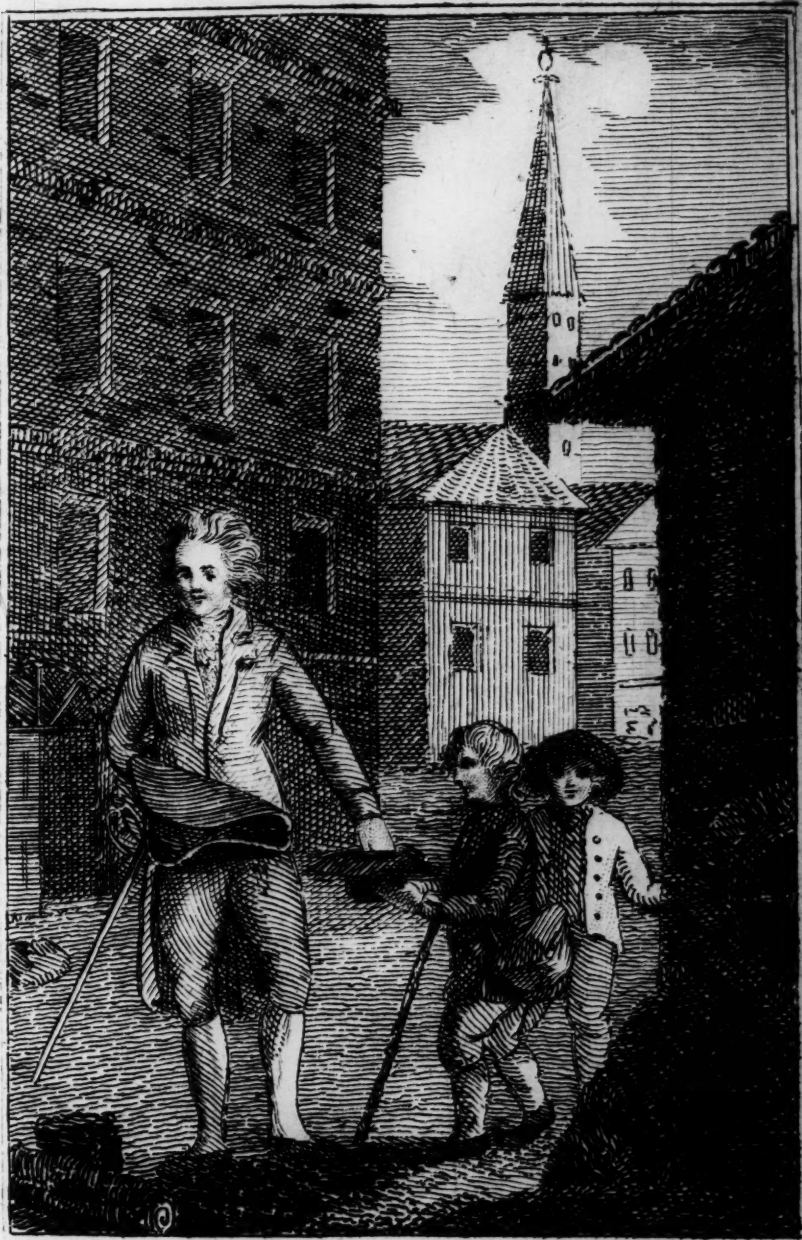
From a motive you may not guess. His soul has a vicious passion, which renders very miserable those whom it attacks. It is the desire of being talked of, and engaging public attention, by the appearance of worth, without the possession. This disease is vanity.

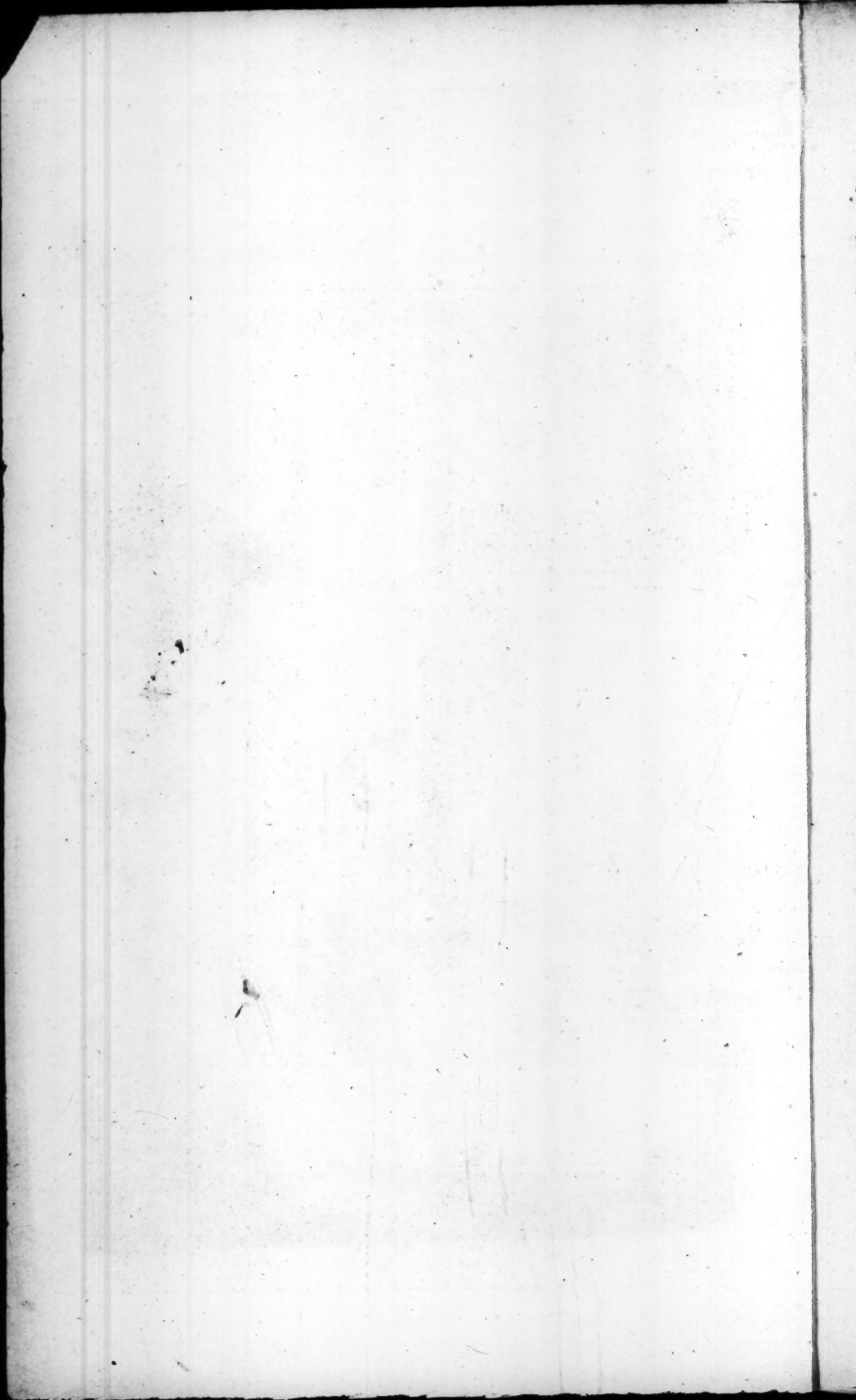
John.

Now it is plain, why he lifts his hand so high, and looks so anxiously about him. He would have the world see his generosity to the beggar; and turns to the right and left, to discover whether any one observes him.

Tutor.

Whatever he performs, is not done because
he





he thinks it good and generous, nor to please the Divine Being; but entirely to obtain applause.

Charles.

How silly! What can he gain by that?

Tutor.

Right! neither praise, nor blame can make us worse or better; and therefore they should not influence our conduct. But it is otherwise with virtue and excellence, they win the esteem of mankind, and render the possessor essentially happier. Besides good actions cease to be when performed from vanity. And as it cannot be said that the gentleman gives alms from love of God, and in pity to the beggar; so his bounty is by no means a virtue. But vanity has another disadvantage, which renders those who are attacked by it objects of pity. Their happiness consisting in their own praise, every moment something disconcerts them. Either their actions pass unnoticed, or are not sufficiently commended, or perhaps are censured by the malignant. A vain man therefore, whatever reasons he has to be contented, is always dissatisfied with the world, fortune and himself.

self.——As I have promised not to detain you with these distempers, lay the print by: here is another.

George.

What frenzy seizes the young man that he strikes his head?

Tutor.

I will state his history, and leave you to guess the defect of his soul. While he was a boy and lived at home, his father and tutor advised him to cultivate his mind; for he must soon try his fortune with strangers, who would require much at his hands. But, having no taste for study, so he profited little by education, and lost his time in running about and at play. At last trade was his choice, and the period came for his apprenticeship. The merchant his master, was for employing him directly in the counting-house, to render him expert in commercial affairs. He naturally concluded that the lad was suitably qualified in writing and arithmetic, as also in French and English. For trial he gave him a letter to write in French, and an account with a merchant of Marseilles for settlement, and then left him alone.——You see the poor
block-

blockhead at his wit's end, biting his nails, unable to begin. Reflecting on his past idleness, he sobbed bitterly, "Ah!" he exclaimed, "fool that I was, to neglect my improvement! "What will become of me!" So saying, he struck his forehead, to correct himself, as it were, for want of diligence. This is the moment here represented. What agitates him?

George.

Vexation for his own misconduct.

Tutor.

This is called repentance.

James.

It is not so ugly a passion as many.

Tutor.

On the contrary it is a very salutary sentiment; yet one could wish that it might never visit mankind.

John.

To experience it, one must have committed a bad action?

Tutor.

May you never know it but by the print!

Thomas.

What happened to the young man afterward?

N 2

Tutor.

Tutor.

When the merchant returned, he found that he had not advanced a step in his task, and with astonishment discovered that he knew nothing. What was to be done? He had no employment for him but in the counting-house. He therefore told him to go home and acquire proper qualifications, before he thought farther of commerce. Accordingly he packed up his bundle, and went back to his parents. They were forced to send him, as a dunce, once more to a school, for the instruction of little children. See him represented as he took his lesson the first time.

Ferdinand.

And what are the two boys standing at his side?

Tutor.

They are astonished to see the young merchant metamorphosed into a school-boy. "Look!" cries one, "is not that young Wilson, who went a fortnight since to live with a Hamburg merchant?" "Yes," says the other, "he must have behaved finely, to have returned so soon!" The young man, stabbed



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bed to the quick with this reflection, holds down his head, and looks, as it were, for a hiding place. What is his present passion?

John.

He is ashamed of himself; that is, he is dejected at seeing others merry at his expence.

Tutor.

Or at being despised. And that is not very agreeable. Indeed if he were conscious of not having deserved it, he might disregard what the world said of him; but to be sensible that he has brought contempt on himself is a heart-breaking circumstance. By prudence therefore avoid his misfortune; and should any, notwithstanding, scandalize you, heed it not; for as no good person listens to calumny, the disgrace will in time revert to the slanderer. To-morrow we will converse on a more agreeable subject.—Now dictate by turns. James begin.

James.

Avarice is an anxious care of amassing riches; not to make a good use of them, but merely for the sake of their possession.

N 3

John.

John.

Vanity is a prodigal desire that the world should talk of us, or an immoderate love of praise.

George.

Repentance is vexation at having committed a bad action.

Charles.

Shame is likewise vexation, occasioned by our being despised.

DIALOGUE XIV.

Thomas.

TO-day, dear Sir, we have the pleasure of seeing your face brightened with its usual cheerfulness.

Tutor.

How can it be otherwise, when I have just been meditating on so joyful a subject!

Thomas.

What may that be, pray?

Tutor.

Tutor.

I have been considering our death, which may shortly happen.

John.

Shortly!

Tutor.

Yes; none can tell how soon. I said mentally, since your aunt, who a few days since appeared so well, has died suddenly, this may be our case; and I fancied that in a few weeks, or less time, my corpse, or yours, might be stretched on the bier for interment, to afford the worms a banquet.

James.

But that does not seem a very pleasant idea!

Tutor.

Not exactly as represented. To be ingenuous, there appears to me nothing in it agreeable or disagreeable; for the body, once dead, is void of sensation. But what happens afterward to ourselves, I mean our soul, is agreeable indeed, and was the object of my meditation.

Charles,

What is that?

N 4

Tutor.

Tutor.

What!—A transition like that of the caterpillar, when she casts her skin, and mounts in the air, becoming a butterfly. Do you not suppose that, instead of creeping ignobly, adhering to a leaf for nourishment, she rejoices to find herself suddenly changed into a being much more beautiful and lively, whose employment is to flutter over the leaves of a thousand lovely flowers, and to extract the nectar of their fragrant cups? Do you not likewise imagine, that the caterpillar would have previously exulted, could she have foreseen her delightful metamorphosis?

John.

Certainly.

Tutor.

I then, who know beyond a doubt, that the death of my body will be immediately followed by a transition far more resplendent, anticipated with rapture, this change, and the day when I shall pass to a scene infinitely more beautiful than the earth, where I shall meet again all my lost friends, to be happy with them for ever.

John.

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John.

Yet how is it known that our soul does not die with the body ; but that immortality is its portion ?

Tutor.

How ! Do not you recollect that we, as Christians, have been taught this comfortable truth ?

John.

But how is it known to those who are not Christians ?

Tutor.

Here is the portrait of one who lived long before the birth of Christ ; you may learn from it, how this doctrine was ascertained by the philosophers and good men of antiquity.

John.

Socrates !

Tutor.

Do you know him ?

John.

The head Sir, resembles that by Mr. Bartolozzi, before Dr. Beattie's Essays ; and he is in prison.

Tutor..

How employed ?

John.

John.

In meditation.

Tutor.

What is the theme?

John.

That appears from history—the immortality of the soul.

Tutor.

He has inferred it by meditation. But what do you conjecture were his thoughts on the subject?

John.

Who can tell!

Tutor.

Fortunately one of his disciples has written an account of every thing said and done by that great man, while the prospect of death was before him; and it enables us to trace how he was convinced of the soul's immortality. You know his catastrophe and the virtuous simplicity of his life. Behold him in prison, expecting death as the recompense of his blameless conduct; his reflections must be nearly these.

“ God, being supremely good and just, will
“ reward us for every good deed and punish us
“ for

“ for every evil one. My life is at the mercy
“ of unreasonable men, who thirst for it on
“ account of my integrity; but it is impossible
“ that their conduct should please God, and he
“ will not fail to requite me for my sufferings.
“ Yet, if the soul died with the body, this
“ could not be, for I should cease to exist.
“ My soul therefore cannot die; it must sur-
“ vive my body, when I have drained the poi-
“ son. My surety for this is the goodness of
“ the Divine Being.”

John.

But had not Socrates any other means of knowing the immortality of his soul?

Tutor.

Many. Though instead of enumerating them, let us put ourselves in his place, and try whether reason may not discover another argument in its favour. For a moment then suppose each of us a Socrates. We would wish the soul immortal. Yet as no positive decision has been made on the subject, how shall we arrive at certainty?—I will put you in the way, and leave the rest to yourselves. What happens to the body at death?

John.

John.

It can no longer move, and begins to corrupt.

Tutor.

And what afterward ?

John.

It smells disagreeably, and suffers a total dissolution.

Tutor.

Some particles must then be detached from it, and conveyed to our organs ? So that the condition of a body, when dead, is ceasing to move, and the dissolution or separation of its parts ?

John.

Yes.

Tutor.

Thus what death is appears, and we are enabled to trace the duration of the soul. Motion being a property indispensable for a living body, the moment that is lost, it is dead. But is motion equally necessary to the life of the former ?

James.

The soul would continue to think, though it were confined for ever to a point.

Tutor.

Tutor.

Yes, while it has thought and imagination, it lives, whether enjoying motion, or not.

Let us consider the second thing that happens to the body, when dead. Its component parts are separated, or suffer dissolution. May not the same happen to the soul?

John.

That, being a simple essence, has no parts; therefore how can they be separated?

Tutor.

It is then impossible it should die in this sense. Hence we conclude that the soul is immortal. But, not to be precipitate, who formed the soul?

All.

God.

Tutor.

May not he then who created it from nothing, consign it to the original nothing at pleasure? And if this is in the power of the Supreme Disposer, which his omnipotence forbids us to doubt, what imports that it cannot naturally die?

John.

John.

But he certainly will not reduce it to annihilation.

Tutor.

Why so?

John.

Because he is superlatively good.

Tutor.

We agree in opinion. But another reason convinces me that God will not thus display his power.

Should you respect a man so wavering as one day to make an excellent machine, and to destroy it the next?

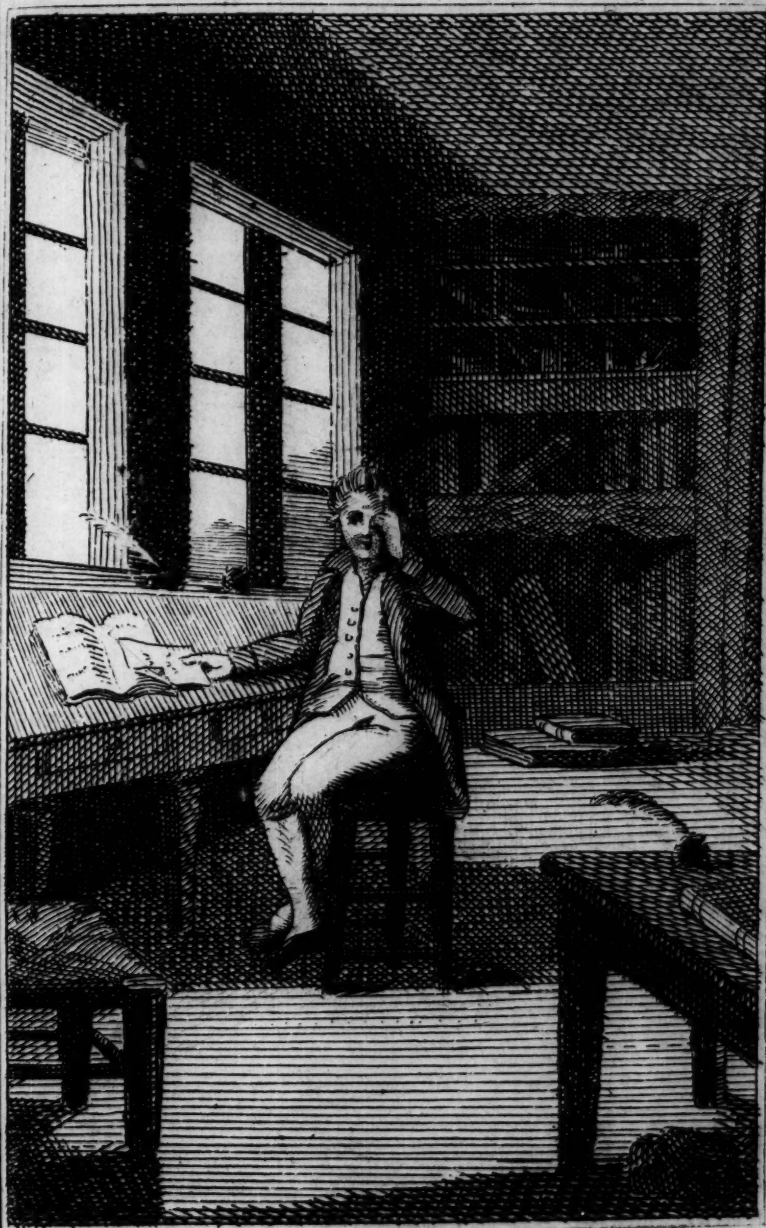
John.

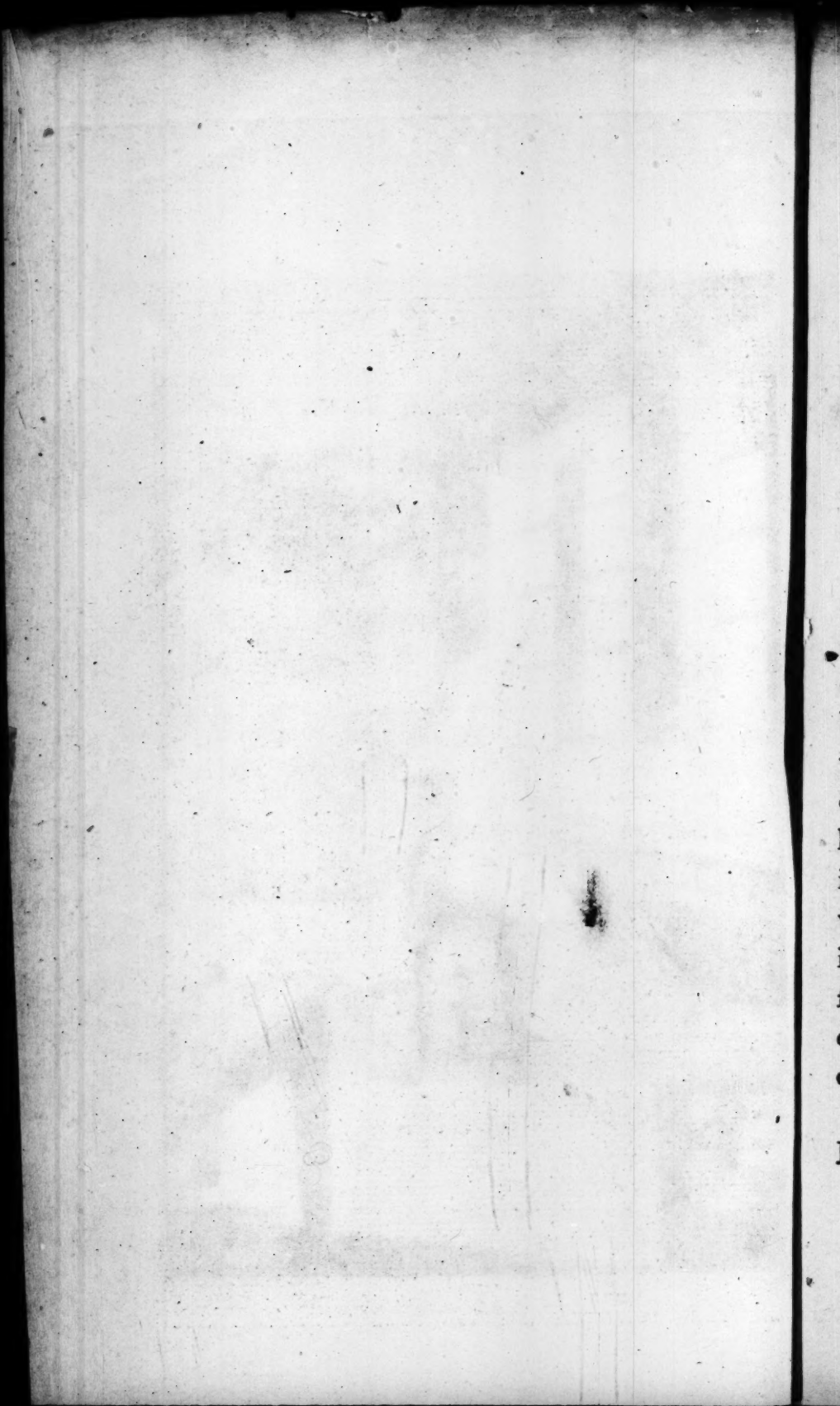
No.

Tutor.

Though mortals are capable of such instability, is it possible that the most Perfect of beings should be liable to similar caprice? What to-day he produced from nothing, will he to-morrow condemn to the same? Can he repent of the work he has made, and grow tired of it, like a child of its toy; he whose actions are guided by consummate wisdom?

John.





John.

To think so, is certainly not to know our Creator.

Tutor.

The conclusion is, that as the soul cannot naturally die, nor be annihilated by its Author,

John.

It must live for ever.

Tutor.

Happy assurance! How then can we dread our approaching death? How fear to be one day changed from reptile caterpillars into glorious butterflies; from men into angels? How can we be alarmed at the idea of our removal from earth to a more magnificent scene, though we here enjoy such innumerable benefits; when it is considered that in the other world our souls will share, with those of our fellow-travellers, inexpressible and everlasting felicity? That we shall more profoundly know and love more ardently that infinite Spirit, whose essence is love, our Creator and Father?

Rejoice therefore, my dear pupils, and thank Providence, for having given you so early this salutary

salutary confidence. The time approaches—and who knows when the awful moment of our separation may arrive? The mouth now opened for your instruction, will then be closed; the hand that guides you to virtue and happiness, will moulder and become a prey to worms; he, whom your gratitude salutes with the endearing name of father, must forego your society. Yet weep not; we shall see each other again; we shall be re-united, and that for ever, if we continue steadfast in the path of goodness, which is positively that of future felicity. Are you not all animated with this resolution?

(Their consent appears in their streaming eyes.)

Give me then your hands! Let us thus, in the sight of the Omnipotent, seal our agreement to use every effort so to live, that we may meet again in the abodes of the blessed. And may this print, which represents the greatest sage of antiquity, continually remind us of this solemn engagement! 20 MR 51

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